SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR MARCH

Saturday Review of Literature

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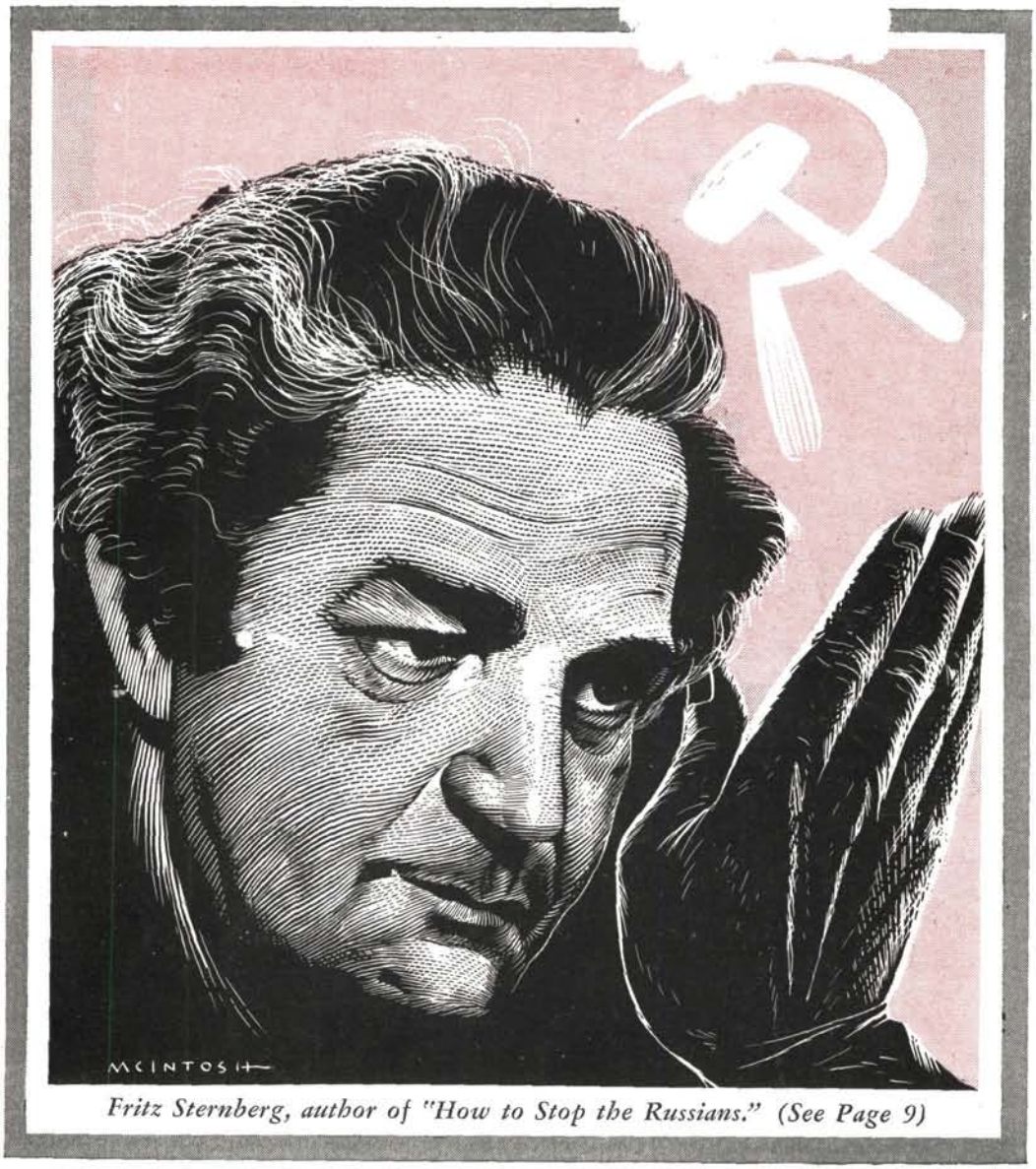

Fritz Sternberg, author of "How to Stop the Russians." *(See Page 9)*

Notes from Inside a Glass House

By JOHN SCHAFFNER

Sherman on a Horse

By JOHN MASON BROWN

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One Parent Found Out—

He had boasted, "Public schools did a good enough job for me, and they'll do for my children, too." But recently, when his son reached school-age, this father decided to investigate the schools and what he discovered appalled him.

- **One third of the schools in his city had been built before 1900. Twenty-one before the Civil War!**
- **Fire and sanitation laws, strictly enforced elsewhere, did not seem to apply to the schools.**
- **On the edge of a fine residential district, he found one school where the children had to go down flights of stairs to the washroom which was without flush toilet, soap or towels, and which served the entire building.**
- **He found out about the shortage of equipment; about tattered, out-of-date textbooks; and he saw how all these conditions affected the teacher and the pupils. Then he went into action.**

What would you discover in your city or town or rural district? Are conditions in your schools such that good teachers are attracted to them?

Did you know that qualified teachers are becoming scarcer and scarcer? Hundreds of thousands have left the teaching profession to take jobs in which they will not be over-worked and underpaid, in which they will have better surroundings.

Young people are no longer turning to teaching as a profession. In 1920, 22 per cent of all college students attended teachers' colleges; today, only 7 per cent attend.

There are 70,000 teaching jobs unfilled—and many schools are closed. And—2,000,000 school-age children are not in school.

Yes—we face a crisis in education. Our children must be given the chance to be educated properly for their own sakes as well as for the future of our country.

What can you do? Investigate conditions in your local schools. Work with the organizations seeking to improve teachers' working and living conditions. Our teachers mold our nation's future.

This is the third in a series of advertisements on the crisis in education.

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This Week

February 28, 1948

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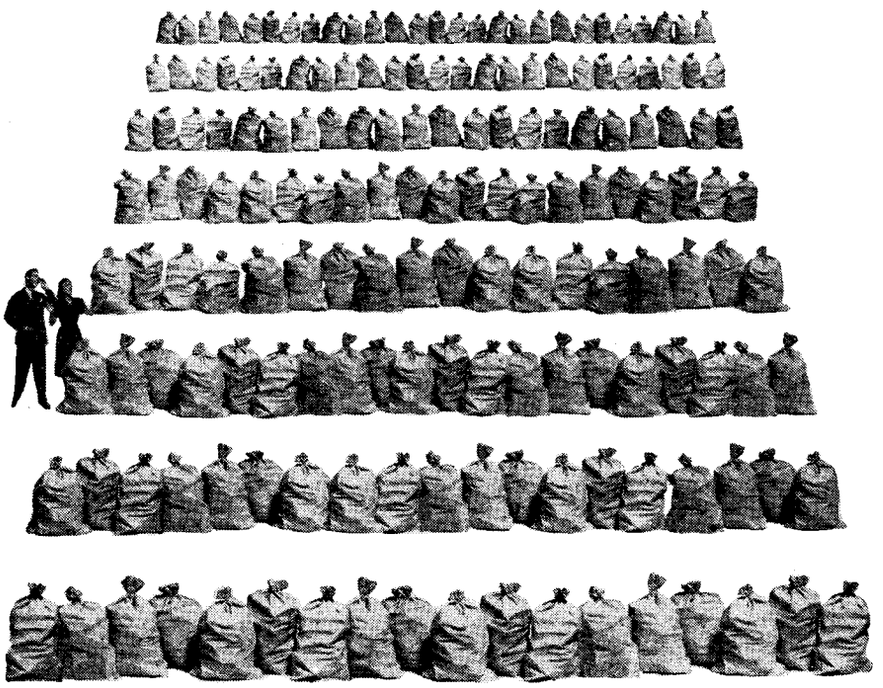

$1,700,000,000 from investors for new telephone facilities in the last two years

THERE are one hundred and seventy bags in this picture. Suppose each bag contained ten million dollars.

That would make $1,700,000,000—the amount that investors have furnished for the expansion and improvement of your telephone service in the last two years. Further substantial amounts are being invested this year.

Investors put their money in the telephone business in the hope of security and a reasonable return. Every telephone user shares the benefits in more and better telephone service.

In the Bell System, the term investors means hundreds of thousands of small investors in every walk of life and in every section of the country — men and women just like yourself. The telephone business has been built by the savings of the many rather than the wealth of the few.

The large sums that have been put into new facilities in the last two years alone give you some idea of the cost of providing and improving telephone service. The instrument in your home and the few wires you see are only a small part of the $257 investment behind every telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TRADE Winds

BY THE TIME THIS column appears in *SRL* I will have visited the famous Natchez on the Mississippi in person, and will have picked up some stories about it for a future Trade Winds. In anticipation of that visit, I have been reading Harnett Kane's highly successful book on Natchez (published by Morrow) and was intrigued by his account of how the Vanderbilt clan crashed the Four Hundred. It seems it all started with a Natchez belle named Consuelo Yznaga del Valle of Ravenswood plantation. Marrying a titled Britisher, Consuelo became Lady Mandeville. Her in-laws, the William K. Vanderbilts, wanted to get into the innermost circle of New York society. "They put up a three-million-dollar town house at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, filled with sections of castles from Europe, Moorish billiard rooms, Japanese parlors, and cathedral windows. But architecture wouldn't pull the trick. Coming over for a short visit of a year, Consuelo had a suggestion—a great masked entertainment, described at the time in a simple superlative, 'the grandest ever given on this continent.' By accounts of the day, the experienced Lady Mandeville managed the show with the skill of a P. T. Barnum with a Lind.

"For months rumors thickened about the recherche affair—twelve hundred guests, orchids for a 'tropical forest,' roses by the thousands, glittering costumes for Borgias, Louis XIV's, Pompadours, King Arthurs. Everybody would be something royal or near-royal. Caroline, daughter of Mrs. Astor, presumed she would be invited and went to work on a 'Star Quadrille.' Then, striking at the last, delicate moment, Mrs. Vanderbilt let it be spread around that she could hardly have Miss Astor; Mrs. Astor had never paid the Vanderbilts a call. Thus it was that the Queen of Society, after reflection, stepped into the Astor carriage, drew up at the Vanderbilts', and left her card. The Vanderbilts were in! The ceremonial evening turned into a victory ball. And Consuelo reigned happily." . . .

THE VANDERBILT MANSION referred to by Kane is the one, of course, that just has been demolished, to make way for the new Crowell-Collier Building. . . . Harnett Kane himself is touring the East and South in the interest of his book. He is one of the few authors whose personal appearances lure real crowds into bookstores. (Another personal-appearance tour bringing phenomenal results is that of Borghild Dahl, author of "Karen.") In the city hall of Opelousas, where Kane was appearing under the sponsorship of bookseller Dorothy Dunbar, he told a series of ghost stories laid in Natchez. A drunk in the town jail, directly above the lecture hall, gave them an added thrill by emitting eerie shrieks at just the right moments. When Kane gave his special recipe for a mint julep, however, the drunk howled so with anguish they had to put him in a strait-jacket. Kane concluded his recital in Miss Dunbar's shop. . . .

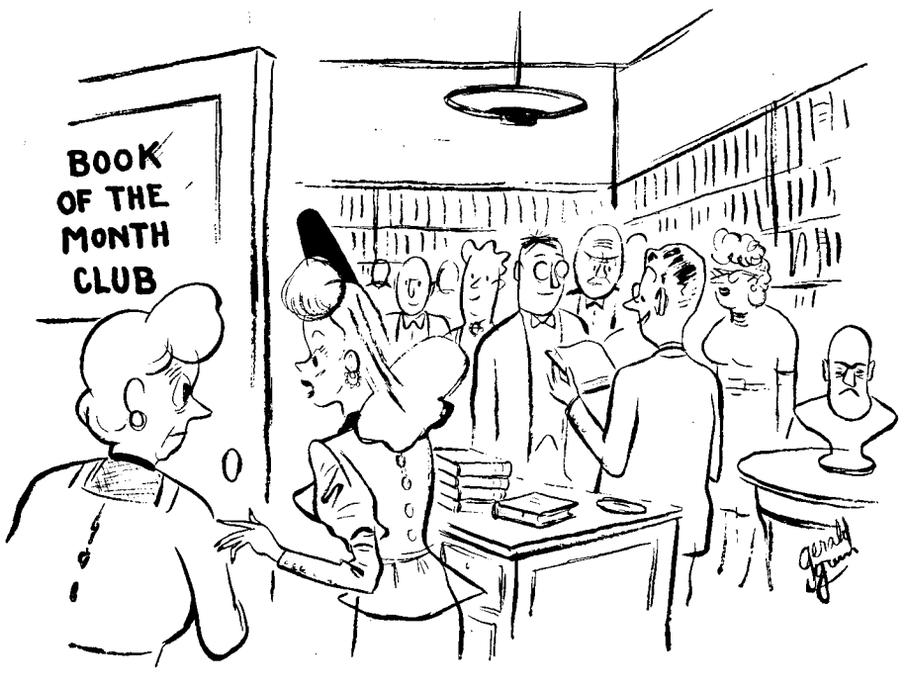
ONE OF THE FEW AUTHORS who hobnobbed freely with Vanderbilts, Goelets, and Astors was the German Count Hermann Keyserling, who was an explorer and hunter as well as a writer of books. At one impressive dinner, the Count was seated between the reigning Ziegfeld queen and the hostess, a famous conversationalist. The hostess saw nothing but his back for the first three courses, but took advantage of a moment when he was attacking the roast beef to ask, "Count Keyserling, do you think we will have another war in Europe within the next five years?" The Count assured her, "Madam, this is no time for small talk," and turned back to the Ziegfeld girl. . . . Colston Leigh, the lecture manager, once booked Count Keyserling for an appearance at Vassar. The Count, no victim of an inferiority complex, strode boldly to the podium, and proceeded to lay one of the biggest eggs in the history of Poughkeepsie. Nothing daunted, he reported to Leigh, "The girls were a fine audience. I took five bows. Throughout they paid me the tribute of perfect silence." . . .

IN "WE WERE INTERRUPTED" (Doubleday), Burton Rascoe's literary reminiscences of the Twenties, he tells the story of how Harry Burton, the editor who built *McCall's* magazine into the big-circulation class, was picked for the post.

Burton, at a low point in his personal fortunes, was on the lookout for any kind of respectable editorial job. To keep in the swing of things, he made a habit of coming to dinner at a midtown restaurant with an armful of current magazines. While he was eating, he would thumb through the pages, marking criticisms and ideas for improvements in the margins. One evening he did a thorough job on a copy of *McCall's*.

A man at a nearby table watched him with increasing concern. Finally he came over to Burton and asked if he could have a look at Burton's copious notations. When he had finished studying them, the visitor introduced himself as the president of the McCall organization, and hired Burton on the spot to serve as editor-in-chief. . . .

HETTY GREEN, the tight-fisted lady who inherited a fortune of fifty million dollars and doubled it, picked a



"I really don't know what's going on. I'm only a member by marriage."

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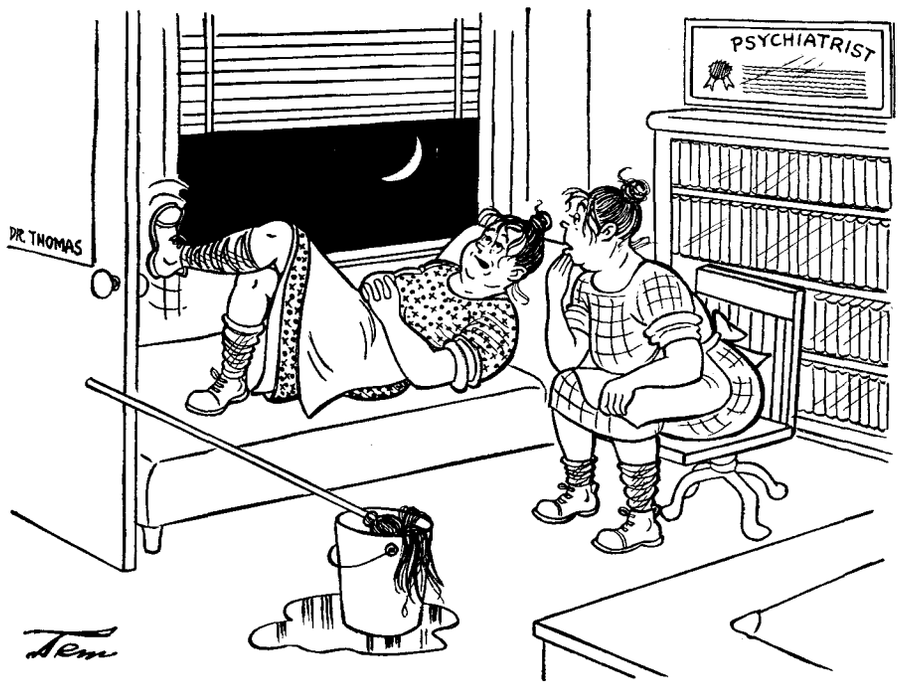

"...and then in the third grade I guess I was just a happy little moron."

mate on a similar sudden impulse. Edward Green was a mere acquaintance until the day he made a slight mistake in his correspondence. He mailed the acceptance to one of her dinner invitations to his tailor, and sent a check for a new suit to her. Hetty noted the amount of the tailor bill with hearty approval. A man in his position who bought a suit for eighteen dollars obviously spoke her own language. They were married within the fortnight. . . . Hetty Green, incidentally, managed her own affairs, wore the same dress for years, did business from her home to save the cost of an office, and usually carried a revolver in her pocket-book. She explained that it wasn't burglars she feared, but lawyers. . . .

THE THINGS OUR AUTHORS are saying to interviewers these days! James Hilton, for instance, declared, "I think that in 100 years the balance between constructive and destructive activities of mankind will have swung to the former again. . . . I would forecast the world's greatest cities then as Johannesburg, Los Angeles, Sao Paulo, and Alma-Ata [Siberia]." . . . Somerset Maugham reminded a lecture audience, "Only a mediocre writer is always at his best." . . . Stephen Spender, now teaching at Sarah Lawrence, observed, "Europe has shrunk. It is now only a small nose on a vast body which is Asia." To a class in writing he added, "Journalism kills the creative talent in a man. You have put your thoughts into the simplest and shortest form. Soon you find you're producing a kind of perpetual *Reader's Digest* of yourself." . . . Liam O'Flaherty, in Paris, blasted Hollywood and New York for keeping the mental level of Americans at the age of twelve. He recommended that both cities be destroyed. "It's as simple as that," he said. *The Hollywood Reporter* featured O'Flaherty's comment on page one under the head, "Venting His Eire." . . .

ONE OF OUR LEADING PUBLISHERS, disdaining the theory that fifty-five is no age to start skiing, is being seen these days in the better bistros with his arm in a sling. The sight of him reminded Hollywood entrepreneur Ralph Blum of the story of a writer in a similar predicament—but his, however, was not the result of skiing. "No," explained the writer, "my trouble dates back to an evening five years ago. I was staying at the Crillon in Paris, and the chambermaid came into my room with fresh towels. She was a gorgeous thing—blonde curls, blue eyes, shape that reminded me of a Hershey bar—you know, all the almonds in the right places. After she gave me the towels, she said softly, 'Is there anything else, sir?' 'Not a thing,' I assured her cheerfully. 'You are absolutely sure there is nothing I can do for you?' she persisted. 'Absolutely,' I said—so she left.

"Well, sir, last night I was standing on a ladder hanging a picture, when suddenly I realized what that girl was driving at five years ago. So I fell off the ladder and broke my arm."

BENNETT CERF.

From time to time in 1948, this space will be taken by Houghton Mifflin Company for the purpose of addressing readers of *The Saturday Review* about new books. In 1948, which is thus far generally considered by publishers to be an extraordinarily precarious year, we plan to publish nine *first* novels, and *first* novels are among the more precarious undertakings.

The first of these, RAINTREE COUNTY, has already appeared and has met with extraordinary praise from nearly every quarter. The reviews have been discriminating. Most reviewers qualify their praise, but almost without exception they have come to a common conclusion that RAINTREE COUNTY is the first great talent of the post-war age.

Our second *first* novel of 1948 has just been published. Its title is HARP IN THE SOUTH. Its scene is Australia where it won the Sydney *Morning Herald's* fiction prize. The book faces the problems of poverty, morality and race prejudice that plague us today. The scene is laid in a new and expanding country not unlike our own. Perhaps because of this, though many things are boldly faced in the book, its tone is one of optimism. It is, besides, what any distinguished novel ought to be, a moving story of the formation of character.

We expect that this book, like RAINTREE COUNTY, will find many of *The Saturday Review's* most thoughtful readers, and that it will be widely recommended by the most distinguished reviewers. In any case, we ourselves believe in its importance and in the humanity and depth of its insight. Remember the title. It is

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This winter's discovery

The novel that "puts Merle Miller right up in the ranks of more serious and mature American writers."

—MAXWELL GEISMAR, *Saturday Review*

THAT WINTER

By MERLE MILLER

An overnight bestseller, the novel that was hailed before publication by JOHN MASON BROWN, GERALD JOHNSON, RUSSELL MALONEY, GRANVILLE HICKS and many others . . . and that went into four printings in the first three weeks of publication.

NEW YORK TIMES: "Mature, adroit and tough . . . good fictional reporting, honest and intelligent thinking, skillful creative writing . . I am convinced he is one of the ablest of our younger American writers."—*Orville Prescott*

NORMAN COUSINS: "Unless I miss my guess, THAT WINTER will be compared with the important works of fiction following World War I."

CLEVELAND NEWS: "An eloquent and hard-bitten spokesman for the lost generation whose counterpart in another war had its apologist in F. Scott Fitzgerald."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "THAT WINTER is, I think, the best post-war novel we've yet had. This is young America, just out of uniform, decent and sour, seen through its own magnifying glass . . . I like it."—*Lewis Gannett.*

$3.00

Mark Van Doren's

NEW POEMS

A BOOK of lyric poems . . . the first volume of new verse by Mark Van Doren since 1944. It presents the apparent paradox of a poet who writes lyrics verging on pure song as well as philosophical poems reflecting a deeply serious preoccupation with the moral stresses of today. It is a book that reaffirms Mr. Van Doren's position as one of the finest poetic voices of our time. *$2.50*

Bill Mauldin's

BACK HOME

"PURE Mauldin, all right, and it's wonderful. It says honestly and courageously what Mauldin has done and thought; it's entertaining and exciting; it's funny and thoughtful. Only fools and bigots will object to it, and probably even they will want to read it."—*Saturday Review.*

50,000 words, 200 pictures, $3.50

J. B. Rhine's

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"THIS startling, thought-provoking volume tells of recent laboratory researches into the unknown powers of the human mind—telepathy, clairvoyance, direct control of matter by mental forces, and the prospect of proving the survival of personality after death."—*Reader's Digest.*

Second printing, $3.50

Ernie Pyle's

HOME COUNTRY

THIS is the book by Ernie Pyle that he liked best (and you will too) . . the best of the writing that came out of five years of roaming the length and breadth of America, a timeless, heart-warming, often very funny, and always tender book about his and our country. *Fifth printing, 472 pages, $3.75*

At all bookstores, **WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES,** *119 West 57 St., N.Y. 19*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes from Inside a Glass House

JOHN SCHAFFNER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Tripe, Inc."* [SRL *Nov. 22*] *was the anonymous confession of a young novelist who had found his standards impaired after writing for the slicks. The "essentially false rendering of reality" in the slick story pattern had left him with a disturbing compulsion to sensationalize. Slick stories, he maintained, negated the function of fiction, which is "to arouse the allegiance of men to worthy ends." Below John Schaffner, formerly fiction editor of a popular national weekly magazine, who has just started a literary agency, answers the author of "Tripe, Inc." in* The Saturday Review's *continuing series on the problems American literature is currently facing.*

John Schaffner

AFTER reading what he terms his "confessions" by an anonymous writer "of tripe" in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, I have come to the conclusion that someone ought now to enter the literary lists in defense of the popular magazine. The attitude of this fiction writer who feels that his work is so dishonest that he doesn't wish to have his name associated with it typifies that of many literary and academic people, who ought to know better. They appear to believe that because a work is popular it must necessarily be bad. In fact, they are so condescending as to imply that in order for it to be popular it *has* to be bad. Anything which is acceptable to the mass-circulation magazines is supposed by them to be dishonest, vulgar, and meretricious, with no relation to life-as-it-really-is. "The public," our anonymous critic admonishes us, "is carefully shielded . . . by a few men who control the reading of millions." Not only are most aspects of modern life and the problems of adult people who are trying to live it neglected, he assures us, but when actually presented are glossed over with falsehood; major issues are wholly avoided, and a censorship is practised "as bad as if it were imposed by government."

These are serious charges, but the tone of the language in which they are presented, alternately hysterical and pompous, takes away a good bit of the sting. I should like to know, myself, what magazines this man has been reading on which to base these heavy judgments. Likewise, I'd give a pretty penny to have the name of the editor who bought, and paid high prices for, the stories this author says he sat down and ground out in a few easy hours. I happen to have known, as an editor, a considerable number of writers — and rather serious people they are, too—who spend days, weeks, or even months on a story before finishing it to their satisfaction, and then are frequently happy to have it bought by such magazines as *Collier's* or *The Saturday Evening Post*, say, rather than by *The Atlantic*—and not entirely, I believe, because those and other similar magazines can afford to pay more than the more literary journal. After all, who wouldn't rather be read by five million than by a few thousand readers?

The attitude of mind displayed by Anonymous and those he represents is based, most magazine editors will certainly willingly and regretfully admit, partly on the truth. Magazines do often give their readers pap. Even the best of them are too often guilty of offering inferior material to their publics. But I believe that Anonymous is laboring under several misconceptions about the purpose and value of popular fiction, and I further charge that his criticism is colored by a curious mixture within himself compounded chiefly of snobbishness and envy.

FIRST of all, a simple examination of the purpose of fiction presented in the mass-circulation magazines will show that it is intended primarily to divert. Stories may well—and contrary to Anonymous's charges, they really sometimes do—give "the truth about anti-Semitism, legislative lobbies, state politics, control of the press, and a lot of other things," which he offers as tabu subjects, but first of all *they have to be entertaining*, they have to tell a story. Why? Because people buy the magazine to read the stories (if they do buy them because of the fiction) in order to be amused. You don't arm yourself with a current popular periodical to while the time away on a train journey, for example, in order to be made aware of the dilemmas which beset the world. Not if you are the average person, that is. You want to get away for a few moments from your own dilemmas, which are in a small way part of those of the world. You want to be entertained. And the entertainment of you, the average reader, is the first function of any piece of so-called popular fiction; if a certain amount of social criticism can be injected into the theme of the story, then so much the better. But the story is the thing.

The harried housewife resting a few moments from her chores, the tired businessman seeking an eve-

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ning's relaxation in his favorite chair, the nervous patient in the doctor's waiting room—each of them picks up the magazine to lose himself in its fiction in order to forget his cares or pains and to find amusement.

The sociological tendency in much of modern criticism makes us forget that the first function in any work of fiction is entertainment. No matter how great its artistic achievement or how deep its social implication, the work has first of all to be not only readable but also interesting in the sense that one can identify oneself with the characters and their problems. One of the most commonly used phrases of the magazine editor's stock-in-trade is "reader identification." And the reader naturally wants to see the character in whose problems he is engrossed bring them to a happy solution. But even Anonymous must realize that that day, for instance, when the *Post* insisted upon a happy ending for its stories is over. To believe that a story which simply entertains is bad (because it embodies no social criticism) is to outlaw a very large body of our heritage of English and American literature.

The matter can be put very simply. The editor wants to sell his magazine, therefore he prints material which will interest and entertain the largest number of readers. This material is colored by the moral and social and religious prejudices, as well as by the ideals, of his readers; it has to be. And therefore to criticize the social and ethical immaturity of the ideas presented in magazine fiction is really to criticize the immaturity of the society the readers are a part of. In other words, blame the world, don't blame the editor!

The editor himself, much as he feels a duty to uplift and to educate, is a part of the materialistic society which his publication reflects. If he were not, he wouldn't be an editor—he would have long since lost his job.

But it isn't as bad as all this sounds. Fortunately for both readers and writers (and even editors, in a way), there exists today great rivalry among the top national magazines. Now if ever is a time to write—as Conrad Aiken pointed out [*SRL* Sept. 20], the rewards to today's writer come almost too easily — because the editors are vying to secure for their own publications not only top "name" writers but new writers of promise. Scouts beat the bushes of academic hinterlands and scan the little magazines and reviews for new talent, and associate editors of rival magazines now compete with each other in various social ways for the attentions of the literary agents, where in past years the agents had to come on bended knee to the editor. It simply isn't true that good writing doesn't appear in the popular periodicals. In fact, it does appear so consistently that such "quality" magazines as *Harper's* and *The Atlantic* have pretty much to content themselves with seeing material only after it has gone the rounds of the bigger markets and been rejected, or, as *The Atlantic* has so successfully done, inaugurate as a special feature a painstaking search for "first" authors.

In fact, I should like to ask Anonymous, if good writing doesn't appear in the popular magazines, where then does it appear? Has he ever looked into *Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Good Housekeeping*, for example? But perhaps he doesn't consider these ladies' magazines to be slicks.

It is fashionable among the literary (and especially the unpublished literary) to damn such writers as J. P. Marquand and Somerset Maugham for being "slick," but by their contemporaries Dickens, Scott, and Kipling, all immensely popular in their own time, were hardly considered members of the elect either. (The words "slick" and "pulp," actually, of course, referring only to the type of paper on which the magazine is printed, themselves have been perverted to mean something opprobrious.) The fact is, in my opinion, that those writers who condemn such practitioners of the "slick technique" as Marquand and Maugham (always the favorite examples of lost souls among popular authors) could no more approach the perfection of that technique themselves than their work can command the popularity of that of those superb craftsmen.

I have discovered that many otherwise fair-minded people are today judging popular fiction by what they read before the war or even what they read as long ago as the Twenties. They do not realize that to a certain degree (to put it cautiously) editorial policies have become greatly more enlightened, partly because of a new awareness by the general public of the pressing social, political, and economic problems the realization of which the depression and then the war forced upon most Americans, and partly because the paper shortage relieved editors of the worry of losing circulation. If an outraged reader canceled his subscription, there generally

To Any Highminded Candidate

By Irwin Edman

PURE spirit should, I think, not mix
Ever at all with politics
Particularly not I fear
During a Presidential year.
A saint embarked on a campaign
Would never be himself again.
The precepts you were taught in youth
Of telling nothing but the truth
However high be your intentions
Will vanish long ere the Conventions;
Along with them will promptly go
The power of saying "yes" and "no"
Of saying the obvious things that you like to
For fear that somebody may dislike you.
You'll answer questions when they make you,
Meet issues when they overtake you;
You'll utter platitudes galore
On Justice and Freedom, Peace and War.
You'll promise all things contradictory
And mean them to the day of victory,
You'll be for this, you'll cheer for that
The latest word—the oldest hat.
You'll wish all things be done for all:
Wages to rise, prices to fall,
Taxes cut to piddling pence
But billions also for defense,
All aid to Europe, but all hail
The full domestic dinner-pail.
No—No, pure spirit flee today
To somewhere lone and far away—
Write down your memoirs, add to knowledge
Preside maybe at some nice college
Where you can be yourself serene
And say—or partly—what you mean!

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was during the years 1942 through '46 another subscriber waiting to take it up. Although this situation no longer holds true, the general quality of all magazine fiction continues to reflect the improvement created by the greater freedom it gave the editor in the selection of his stories. As an editor, I frequently heard complaints from writers — especially the older sentimental lady authors—that they are no longer able to sell so readily, if at all, to their former popular markets.

From my experience in the fiction departments of two of the largest-circulation magazines in the country I can say with sincerity that what is constantly sought is writing that has conviction and honesty. We all too infrequently find it, but it is what we look for.

First, as I have said, there must be a real "story." The literary sketch, the story with its conclusion implied (as developed by *The New Yorker*), and the reminiscence do not readily find acceptance. There must be a beginning, a middle, and an end, as our composition teachers used to tell us, and the story must present some sort of conflict and then resolve it (otherwise I question whether it ought to be called a short story at all). Second—and here we get down to a matter on which Anonymous can base a pretty strong case, unfortunately—there are the considerations of editorial timidity in the face of the advertising, publicity, and circulation departments. One cannot blink the fact that their influence is often both foolish and evil. And finally, of course, there are the tabus imposed by a society which can complacently put up with "restricted" residential areas, for instance, while extolling democracy, which accepts the condemnation of the use of tobacco by a great religious body which derives a large part of its financial support from the very communities that produce tobacco, a society, in fact, which allows political groups to defranchise the Negro in the South, "patriotic" groups to dispossess the Nisei in the West, and "Christian" organizations to molest and oppress the Roman Catholic and the Jew and other minorities in all parts of the country!

Yet, in spite of these limitations—literary, economic, and social—most of the magazines are doing as well as they can with the material they are able to get. That no more that is good is written is not their fault. And the earlier 1947 issues of the magazine '47 (a journal which was planned, partly at least, to bring to light the work of writers not acceptable to the popular market as well as the unaccepted work of popular writers) illustrated

(*Continued on page* 34)

The World.

Our readers may be interested in glancing at Vera Micheles Dean's own "The United States and Russia" for informed background material in connection with Fritz Sternberg's enlightened pamphlet on the Russian question, reviewed below by Mrs. Dean. . . . The "judicial error" which sent the French officer Alfred Dreyfus to Devil's Island for treason in 1895 was conceived in anti-Semitism, but the notoriety of "The Dreyfus Case" stemmed as much from deep social cleavages within France, which still exist. Hence the title of Herzog's book, reviewed here, "From Dreyfus to Petain."

U.S. Must Face World Trend

HOW TO STOP THE RUSSIANS—WITHOUT WAR. By Fritz Sternberg. New York. The John Day Co. 1948. 146 pp. $2.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

AT A TIME when every dinner-party conversation eventually ends up in discussion of whether we shall have war with Russia and, if not, how we can stop the Russians by means other than war, this pamphlet by Fritz Sternberg, who prides himself on accurate predictions, should prove both useful and encouraging.

It is useful because Mr. Sternberg, in simple if repetitive language, punctures current facile generalizations about the necessity and feasibility of a preventive war against Russia—whatever is meant by that self-contradictory phrase. It is encouraging because Mr. Sternberg believes that the United States has it in its power to check Russia in a constructive way which, in his opinion, would ultimately benefit not only this country and our friends in Europe and Asia, but even Russia itself.

Mr. Sternberg contends that, in spite of our industrial strength, at present superior to that of Russia and its satellites; our monopoly, for the time being at least, of the atomic bomb, and our naval power, we would face grave, if not insuperable difficulties if we undertook to wage war on Russia. For, in his opinion, "it is impossible to defeat the Soviet Union by a lightning war" because of its favorable strategic position on the Eurasian Continent which, among other things, makes it possible for the Kremlin to decentralize its industries in such a way as to make them less vulnerable to atomic warfare. Moreover, "a war against the Soviet Union would have to be won not only on Soviet territory but in Europe and Asia as well"—and the price of American victory would be the reduction of those two continents to barbarism. Instead of preserving the American economic and social system, war would "destroy the foundations on which the United States has built its economic system and democratic institutions."

What, then, can the United States do to prevent further extension of Russia's influence in Europe and Asia? Mr. Sternberg holds no brief for appeasement which, according to him, would merely postpone war—and "during this postponement the power of the Russians will increase." His prescription is that this country should squarely face "the great process of transformation" that is taking place all over the world—a process of which the Russians take advantage whenever they can. American foreign policy, he urges "must be to work in harmony with this world-wide trend and so prevent the Russians from directing and *misusing* it."

How are we to achieve this objective? Mr. Sternberg's formula, in a nutshell, is that we must be more progressive than the Russians, especially in those frontier areas where we are in visible competition, notably in Germany and China. In the case of China, we should bring the Chinese a higher standard of living, without depriving them of personal

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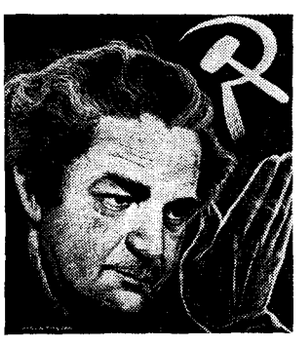
and political liberty. China, he argues, needs thoroughgoing agrarian reform. The United States must abandon its present policy of "supporting a corrupt government dominated by the landlord cliques, without insisting on drastic agrarian and social reforms in return." The common objection that such action on our part might be regarded as an encroachment on sovereignty is dismissed on the ground that Russia is "making a mockery of national sovereignty."

In Europe, the United States should work for a united and independent continent which might develop into a "Third Force" between the two superpowers. We must, however, realize that there is no basis in present-day Europe for a system resembling that of American free private enterprise, and that if we are to be more progressive than the Russians, we shall have to adopt democratic socialism. Since Germany is a key factor in the recovery of Europe, we must also follow a progressive policy there. Hitherto, in his opinion, we have supported and strengthened the German reactionaries. He is particularly critical of Washington's decision to put the British plan for socialization of the Ruhr "on ice," against "the express desires of the democratic socialists in Germany." If the United States persists in backing the German reactionaries, the final outcome will be a Communist victory among the Germans. We must follow in Germany a policy that is both anti-nationalist and anti-Communist—and we can do this only by throwing our weight on the side of the democratic socialists. Then, he believes, "the Communist parties will become harmless little sects," and "the social and political basis for Russian aggression will have been eliminated."

In driving home his thesis—which is in essence the thesis underlying the Marshall plan — Mr. Sternberg, like many good debaters, by-passes some of the difficulties that must be overcome. The major difficulty right now is the prevalent belief in the United States that Socialism, no matter how much it may be described as "democratic," is ultimately like Communism, and that every Socialist government will wind up as a totalitarian dictatorship. This belief, based first of all on fear of Socialism in the United States, causes even responsible political and business leaders here to view with alarm the very reforms which Mr. Sternberg urges the American people to support if we are to outmatch Russia in a peaceful way. It might be useful for Mr. Sternberg, in his next volume, to bring his powers of persuasion to bear on this topic, which is likely to become increasingly important in American discussions of foreign policy.



THE AUTHOR: "Some reviewers," recalls Fritz Sternberg, German-born economist, "thought I was Cassandra when 'The Coming Crisis' [reviewed *SRL* Jan. 4, 1947] appeared. The last fourteen months [and nine editions later] have proved that I was not too much Cassandra." In 1926, his first book, "The Imperialism," foretold World War II. "I was not surprised that Hitler came to power. I predicted it in 'The Decline of German Capitalism' six months before. I am not an astrologer. You need only to know the facts. I have been used to coordinated thinking all my life." He took his Ph.D. at the University of Breslau in 1917, taught there and at the universities of Berlin, Frankfurt, Cologne, Duesseldorf, Heidelberg, and Kiel, wrote scientific and political tracts, was an active Socialist. When Der Fuhrer entered, Dr. Sternberg exited—fleetly over the Silesian Mountains into Switzerland, where, until 1939, when he came to America, he divided his time between Paris and London, continuing his polemics in magazines and more books: "Fascism in Power," "Germany and the Lightning War," "Fivefold Aid to Britain." In "As It Happens," Pearl Buck recorded the exodus of his wife, poet-writer Erna von Pustau. A daughter, living in London, is a painter. Dr. Sternberg, who is short and rotund, with a wild fluff of graying hair, warm brown eyes, and a penchant for maroon velvet jackets, lives and works—neck-deep in old newspapers—in a one-room Greenwich Village apartment. His next will be a "big, big book." Volume I is titled "Capitalism Before and During the Two Wars"; II, tentatively, "Transformation or Barbarism." Meanwhile he writes for the periodical press and lectures at the Asia Institute. His cultural interests are many. "I know music well, but it is no relaxation for me. I do not like relaxation. For people who have a stupid job it is good, but if you are absorbed in creating you have no need for it."—R. G.

Obfuscated Scandal

DREYFUS TO PETAIN. By Wilhelm Herzog. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1947. 313 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THIS is a confused, repetitious, and ill-proportioned book. Its title suggests a consecutive account of what went on in France from 1896 to 1945. Actually the book contains seventeen chapters around and about the Dreyfus Affair, and one chapter, "The Struggle Never Ends," which oscillates irregularly around Pétain. Into its making have gone a lot of reading, some familiarity with daily life in France between the wars, and much of that indignation at the universe which the liberally disposed always feel in a measure, and nowadays are likely to feel beyond measure.

Mr. Herzog knows too much about the Dreyfus Affair, perhaps, to write clearly about it. His book will interest the already interested, for it has gleanings from all parts of the vast literature on Dreyfus, and it is full of judgments one can only call philosophical. But to the casual or uninformed reader it will seem no more than a hodge-podge. This is no book with which to begin a study of these critical years of French history. Mr. Herzog does not attempt a chronologically determined narrative (after all the easiest and most natural way to write history), but what analytical method he means to substitute for narrative is never clear. Hence the repetitions, which are extreme; one gets very tired of those 162 documents Esterhazy stole. Hence the introductions and anticipations of matters never explained, or explained too late. February 6, 1934, keeps appearing as a symbol of great importance, but never does get thoroughly explained. None of the scores of individuals mentioned seem real. Pétain is at different times equated with Hitler himself, with Hindenburg, with Boulanger, and with Neville Chamberlain.

As far as bare facts go, the book is at least of average accuracy. It was an unkind misprint to make Herriot a Fascist and a minister under Pétain; but no sensible man expects books of this sort to have the accuracy of a telephone directory. The difficulty comes from the comparative rareness of bare facts. Mr. Herzog is full of emotions, prejudices, loyalties, and eloquence, and these he spills out all over the facts. There is a military academy at St. Cyr in France. Mr. Herzog habitually calls it the Jesuit Military Academy at St. Cyr, occasionally the feudal Military Academy

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at St. Cyr, and he possibly has other epithets in reserve. Now St. Cyr is a government school, perhaps not too unlike West Point, but this you would never learn from Mr. Herzog.

Yet in a sense a naïve reader might well rise from this confusing book quite unconfused about one thing: he would know that in France, at least since 1789, there have been two warring parties which together make up the whole nation—a relatively small number of aristocrats, priests, bankers, big businessmen, army officers, and kept intellectuals who are Bad, and a lot of common people and unkept intellectuals who are Good. Now were this clear-cut division of France (almost the one clear-cut thing in Mr. Herzog's book) actually so, the world might well be a better place. But it is not so. However much truth there is in the theory of "the two Frances," the royalist, clerical France and the republican France, the two are not quite as neatly separable as Mr. Herzog makes them. And they are not, even when separable, quite as disparate in numbers as Mr. Herzog implies they are. We Americans will never understand the French if we think of them all (save a vicious few) as children of Voltaire and the Enlightenment.

Sparring for the "Opium War"

FOREIGN MUD. By Maurice Collis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 300 *pp.* $5.

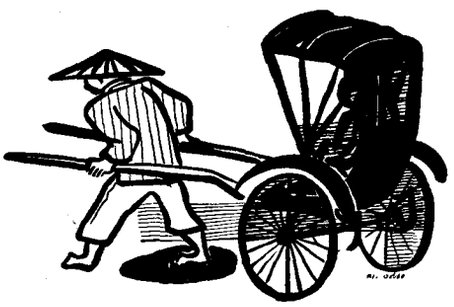
Reviewed by MARK GAYN

IN A LITERARY era which has moved history from chancelries to boudoirs, it is a pleasure to come across a book which applies to history the old-fashioned and nearly-forgotten technique of good writing, good wit, and an eye for color. The book is Maurice Collis's delightful account of the years of sparring which led to the notorious "Opium War" of 1840-42.

A literary craftsman as well as an historian, Mr. Collis places his orderly recital of events against a backdrop of colorful detail. He may have no courtesans, nor deeds of derring-do. But he has enlivened his record with an array of opium runners and soldiers of fortune; Chinese viceroys and boatswomen; speedy frigates with twenty cannon on the decks; a flock of ill-informed, ill-fated British envoys; Chinese officials who would, or would not, smuggle "foreign mud"; and, obscured by distance, the Son of Heaven, ruling the universe from the vast palaces of Peking.

The body of the book deals with Britain's steady, and seemingly inevitable, drift towards war with China. It opens with the activities of the famous East India Company in its role as a great merchant in opium, and concludes with Britain's surreptitious entry into war, not in the name of safeguarding the opium trade, but in the name of protecting the flag, despoiled by the Chinese barbarians.

Between the two comes the chronicle, sometimes exciting, sometimes pathetic, and always picturesque, of the opium trade of the 1830's, of the continuous, if futile, efforts to open China to Western commerce, and—above all—of the house of Jardine and



Matheson, which dominated the opium running, and which eventually prevailed on Lord Palmerston to wage war on China. (The book, incidentally, is dedicated to the present head of the firm, which remains one of Britain's economic pillars in China.)

Mr. Collis regards Jardine's questionable activities, Lord Palmerston's devious politicking, and the entire opium trade with an almost clinical detachment. He is equally detached in dealing with China's efforts to shut herself from the world, and, when that proved impossible, to treat the foreign powers as China's vassals. He shows how the legitimate trade in tea was converted by the Chinese officials into a racket, designed to "milk the trade." He shows how the corrupt Chinese officialdom joined in the opium trade. (There is a delightful tale of the mandarin who boarded an opium runner to warn it against entering a Chinese port, and then, the official part of the visit over, negotiated for the purchase of the entire cargo.) And he uses Chinese sources to show the duplicity which underlay the dealings of three viceroys with the British, with their own people, and with the emperor.

This story is told with gusto and a great deal of detail, obtained not only from British and Chinese official sources, but also from the archives of Jardine and Matheson. Mr. Collis, thus, notes that the Canton "ghetto" to which the foreign traders were confined was a 1,000-foot-long strip of waterfront, and that the British lane was called by the Chinese, "Assured Tranquillity." He recalls that the Chinese bars in the Hog Lane, just outside of the "ghetto," served British sailors with a cocktail called "First Chop Rum Number One Curio," made of alcohol, tobacco juice, sugar, and arsenic. And he records in detail the scale and profits of the British opium trade—from 2,000 150-pound chests in 1800 to 26,000 chests thirty-six years later, each chest selling for $500 to $1,000. In 1832, he notes, one-sixth of the entire Indian revenue came from the sale of opium for the China trade.

"Foreign Mud" is poor fare for those who like their history served with a garnish of sex and blood. But to a reader fond of adult, witty, colorful, and historically faithful writing, this is a magnificent dish.

No Mortal Name Will Do

By David Morton

TOO BRIGHT . . . and too intense . . . and strange . . . and rare!
How should it last, outlast the downward pull
Of plumbed mortality? How learn to bear
Earth's shadow, laid on all the beautiful?

Perfection's frantic, brief, incredible flight,
The bird of alien plumage—how endure
The air's corruption, the slow, spotted blight
That is our own and mortal signature . . .

Now it is gone—gone even out of belief.
Behind the bird, the dull air closes in;
And all is as it was . . . The sudden, brief
Difference is something that could not have been,

That the heart turns to seek, and the fooled eye
Stares after, and to find, would break the sky.

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Fiction.

Three out of the six novels reviewed this week can be recommended for entertainment. In Kay Boyle's clear prose a serious theme is made dramatic. Alec Waugh's story of the love affair between a Connecticut artist and the young wife of an elderly British diplomat has no undertones to concern the reader. Charles Gorham's novel on the publishing business is straight satire colored with sex and alcohol. The most significant of the six is Josephine Herbst's Chicago novel, in which an immense number of human beings are dissected. The remaining two have a kind of universality. But in all of these books happiness, however fugitive, is ultimately achieved only in Kay Boyle's love story.

Avalanche in the Haute-Savoie

1939. *By Kay Boyle. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1948. 152 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

ON A SUNNY September afternoon in 1939 Madame Corinne Audal filled her rucksack in the village and climbed alone to the chalet under the snowfields. Just the day before, in a neighboring town, Ferdl Eder stood in the prefecture of the Haute-Savoie and then was led to the train that would take him away from the mountains. This is the immediate compass of Kay Boyle's flashing and relentless story of how the world's violence came to two persons on an end-of-summer day in 1939. It left Corinne alone in the high bright Alpine silence, still fighting in her mind for her lover's chance at dignity and freedom. It took Ferdl from the mountain snows, the space and solitude, and sent him, without status or identity, to a concentration camp.

In this beautifully wrought novelette Miss Boyle has dealt with the problem of a man's responsibility to his time and the choices he must make. The simplicity of the story is a simplicity of art rather than of substance. There are many complexities in the character of the French woman who left her army-officer husband for an Austrian ski teacher, and of the athlete whose championships could not serve him on that September day. There are many ironies in their story, all encompassed in the larger irony of the high mountain silence through which beats upon these people the unheard, growing din of Europe's downfall.

The story mounts in meaning as steadily as the old zigzag lumber road that climbs to the chalet. It reaches its final, ineluctable statement in the wonderful metaphor of Tarboux's card game—the game about the herbs he gathered on the slopes and mixed in the back room of his chemist's shop. "You have to know which card you want, and then you call for it by name. But only for one. You can't ask for two cards at the same time." That is the rule which Ferdl, champion skier, chess-player, and swimmer, had refused to learn. He had chosen to be both an Austrian and a Frenchman; he wanted both freedom and a woman's love. He had tried to live uncommitted, and he had failed.

It was just ten minutes that Ferdl stood in the prefecture, but it was long enough for his life to overtake him. He began with what he had to reassure himself with: "I make use of what ways and means there are for what I want." But that wasn't enough now. For him the main issue had been not to go too far in one direction or another. The time was past for that calculation. He had been a champion at the things men do individually. He had not learned, for all his mountain climbing, that men are relentlessly roped together.

The story is told with a sustained inner tension, and Miss Boyle's style is fully equal to that demand. She observes, selects, and phrases with a miraculous freshness, as though she brought to the task of writing a new equipment. The high, dry mountain atmosphere permeates this little book, filling it with silence and a searching light, and there is an austere understanding that finds the fatal weakness lurking in Ferdl Eder's strength.

Moon-Drenched Love

UNCLOUDED SUMMER. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 289 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

FOR HIS first novel in six years the English novelist Alec Waugh, elder brother of Evelyn Waugh, has chosen to write a love story of a Yankee artist from East Haddam, Connecticut, and an Englishwoman, the young wife of an elderly English diplomat. The background is the French Riviera and England; the time, 1926, with an epilogue in the England of the 1940's.

That a man who had failed to fall in love until he was twenty-six should be swept off his feet by a woman because she puts him at his ease or, to quote Mr. Waugh's not too original words, because "she had known those things about the artist, about his interior struggle, his need for roots," is perhaps believable, for some people do fall in love for strange reasons. It's true, too, that a man can spend one sidereal day with a woman and remember her at intervals all the rest of his life. But to believe that Francis's memory of that one moon-drenched night with Judy could have kept him faithful for seventeen years to her stepdaughter Marion, the woman he eventually married, is asking a good deal of the power of idealization.

It's all pretty conventional. The tall, elegant, understanding diplomat calls his young wife the midget and encourages her in her crazes. The New Englander's puritan conscience nearly causes him to pluck the thorn and throw away the rose. He explains gangsters and prohibition to English women sipping pink gins. He can't quite believe he actually sits in such mighty seats. As Mr. Waugh puts it, "he had entered a whole new world. A whole new life was opening for him." A Jeeves-like valet helps him, puts him right on such matters as collars, ties, and tweeds. When the *nuit d'amour* finally arrives, it is framed in Judy's two platitudes, her opening, "Oh, my dear, what are we going to do about it?," and her closing,

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"It may take you twenty years to realize quite what this night's meant."

The American scenes are equally conventional. Mr. Waugh's comment on Francis's return to "the spires of Manhattan" sums up their mood: "As Englishmen responded to 'the white cliffs of Dover,' so did Americans to the skyline of New York."

Never once does sincerity touch the narrative into credibility, not even in the coda, in which the two lovers, now both middle-aged, recapitulate the days of their passion, like Mimi and Rudolphe resinging their memories in *La Bohème*. It all reads like the sound track of an indifferent Hollywood movie. It *is* what in some places it intends to satirize.

It's difficult to imagine any kind of success for a novel which deals so naïvely and superficially with a life purporting to be sophisticated. One thing the book does do. It sets the reader wondering if it presages the emergence of the American as one of the stock heroes of English popular fiction.

—*Louise Dahl-Wolfe.*

Kay Boyle "observes, selects, and phrases with a miraculous freshness" as if writing with new equipment.

Practitioners of Culture

THE GILDED HEARSE. By Charles Gorham. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1948. 246 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

CHARLES GORHAM prefaces his acid and alcoholic satire on the publishing business with T. S. Eliot's enameled verse, "Redeem the unread vision in the higher dream / While jeweled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse." There seems to be nothing in this robust novel, except the title, that has any relation, symbolic or otherwise, to these lines from "Ash-Wednesday." Neither redemption, inner vision, nor higher dreams are revealed in the twenty-four hours of the life of a publisher's publicity man on-the-make, on that grim day before the Munich surrender, when the world appeared to be plunging into war. Whether Mr. Gorham means that the world was that day a gilded hearse, or the huge publishing house in which young Richard Eliot was employed, the book does not reveal.

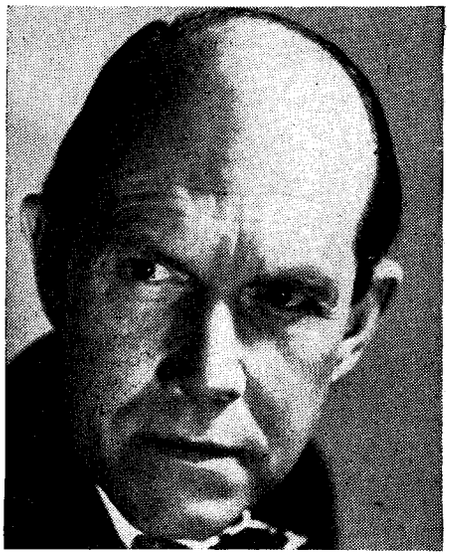
It could hardly have been the House of Hutchinson, for the firm was entirely too lively and enterprising to be confined in any hearse. It owned a stable of editors so distraught, neurotic, and alcoholic that they would hardly have been expected to bring out successfully the gazette of an insane asylum, to say nothing of a yearly list of books that was competing with Doubleday and Macmillan.

There was, for example, Gerald Fatt, an arrant, bearded homosexual in love with Eliot; he was the firm's "stuffed intellectual," kept on hand to be pointed at, for a poem of his had actually been published in *The New Republic*. A sad Irishman, who claimed to have read Joyce's "Work in Progress," represented more esoteric learning. A red-faced character with a Boston accent had invented "The Ideal Book," and had become a power in the firm. Another editor, rejoicing in the name of Harwood Drain, professed to be semi-illiterate and therefore gave a sound basis to editorial meetings. A Major Hamilton added aristocratic military distinction and little else. There is an uproarious chapter in which these ill-assorted men of letters discuss a British novel called "The Pale Bride," that is excellent, if somewhat unbelievable, satire.

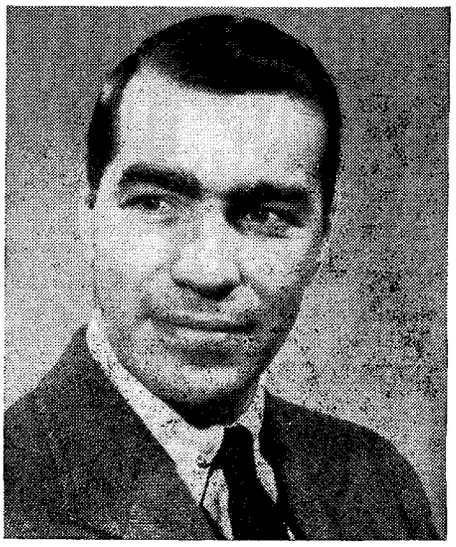
Young Eliot's department was run on the lines of an efficient pressroom of a small newspaper. Aside from pouring out publicity notes, it was his duty to squire authors around and to dissemble his violent dislike of them at the same time. His major problems were personal. He was frightened by his job, for no employee of the firm felt secure; they were either on their way out or were pushed to heights from which they might the more suddenly fall. He had entered into a love affair with a Long Island society girl, and he was treating his intelligent and lovely wife brutally.

As the day progresses, Eliot begins to drink heavily. He has to attend a highly offensive and drunken author at a book-signing orgy, presumably consummated at Macy's. From there he goes for more alcohol to the apartment of a wealthy and class-conscious member of the staff, and finally to Gerald Fatt's party, where almost everyone present needed the immediate attentions of a psychiatrist. At dawn, he is tossed out of a saloon and is taken home by his too loving and compassionate wife, whom he had knocked down a few hours before. During this interlude he had discovered that he was really not in love with his Long Island heiress by the simple process of going to bed with her.

It is difficult to disguise the fact that Richard Eliot is a complete heel, and all the rationalizing of the author about his unhappiness, his dissatisfaction with being the bright young man of a publishing house, his aching soul,



Alec Waugh's book "reads like the sound track of an indifferent Hollywood movie."



Charles Gorham "is an excellent mimic with a good memory and an accurate eye for details."

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does not make him any more attractive, or a likely candidate for a gilded hearse drawn by a unicorn. But the novel is essentially dramatic and exciting; it moves at a fast pace. Mr. Gorham reveals a talent for terse descriptive prose and sharply satirical conversation. Here are a few of his phrases. "He had suits in both moods, which gave him an exasperating sartorial schizophrenia." "That enameled Connecticut breed, thin - mouthed, cruel-looking women in mink. . . ." "The really insulting thing about the business, he concluded, was the pretense with which it was loaded. If you were selling soap or machine tools or whisky, if you were peddling whores or dope, you didn't have to insist with a kind of lickspittle energy that you were a patron of the arts, a benefactor of humanity, a general practitioner of culture."

Throughout this day of misery only a few of the novel's characters seem more than vaguely aware that a war might be born the next morning. The constant repetition of ominous radio voices casts a lurid light over the episodes, as if the characters were in some kind of hell of their own devising. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gorham's first novel reveals a satirical and vocal gift of considerable range and power. He is also an excellent mimic with a good memory and an accurate eye for details. Now that he has rid his system of his dislike of the publishing business, his next novel, which is already in the hands of a publisher, will certainly be worth waiting for.

Poverty Without Philippics

HARP IN THE SOUTH. By Ruth Park. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 301 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

NOVELISTS who choose poverty for their theme and the slums for their locale usually do so out of anger, and their books are often tracts rather than works of art. Yet Miss Park, a New Zealander whose present story won the *Sydney Morning Herald* prize for the best Australian novel of the year, has written about a poverty-stricken Irish family in the Sydney slums without losing her temper or even raising her voice.

The particular agonies of poverty—the filthy tenements, the bedbugs, the smells, the lack of privacy—have rarely been described with such unblinking accuracy. Miss Park, whose interest in Surry Hills resulted from the necessity of living there during the housing shortage, writes of what she knows, and her descriptions of sudden death and bloody brawls are almost sickeningly real. Yet by a surprising triumph of attitude over the particulars of her story, she has written a warm and compassionate and sometimes very funny tale.

Miss Park has the skill to create people—especially people reacting in those apparently illogical, unpredictable ways that make the species so frequently exasperating and so unfailingly interesting. She likes the people she writes about and has a rare skill in evoking them. There is nothing more important in a novelist than that.

"Harp in the South" has no plot. It is episodic; it is like a recitative in music rather than an aria, though with occasional recurrence of theme. It is mostly about Rowena Darcy, her falling in love, her personal yet universal tragedy, and her deliverance. It is the story of Hugh, her often-drunken father, and of her warmly understanding mother. It is the story of Grandma — spirited, nearly indestructible, with an Irish tongue, and an Irish love of a fight or a joke. The Darcys have that love of drama and the capacity for creating it, along with a love of good talk and a sense of humor, which creates adventure in the midst of drabness and to that extent annihilates the drab.

Through the Darcys and the few neighbors who are brought into focus the novel is also the story of an area, and beyond that of the universal misery we have not yet learned to banish by the use of our resources for good living rather than effective killing.

Even as Miss Park presents a picture of ineffable squalor she sees that when comfort, novelty, change of scene or even what most of us consider necessities are lacking, then raw experience itself, whether a quarrel, a new shawl, or making a pudding, becomes precious beyond expression. Therefore the meaning of her book, never overt or even whispered, is an implied critical evaluation of the materialist premises to which most of us are bound and from which the poor escape by a forced triumph of spirit over matter.

The writing is unpretentious but deft, relying a good deal on dialogue and achieving a good deal through it. It manages to achieve a point of view both detached and sympathetic—product, no doubt, of the fact that Miss Park as a transient resident of Surry Hills bore a similar dual relation to the people and scenes she chose to write about.

To present a realistic picture of squalor, and yet to leave an impression of warmth, of the overbalancing qualities of the human spirit when confronted with nearly every sort of discouragement, is more than a technical triumph. It is a statement of faith. Some readers will feel that Miss Park has made the mistake, scarcely a new one, of sentimentalizing the poor, of making them sweeter and more sensitive than they are. Possibly she has, and perhaps that is why she put Miss Sheily into the story, for Miss Sheily is cold and hostile where the others are warm. But Miss Sheily is presented as essentially an outsider. Probably she has simply written about the people who interested her most In any case she has in the process brought about a marriage between realism and sentiment which is one more sign of the shift in literary currents and of a trend toward the "romance" of which Henry Canby has written. Miss Park's book is expertly written, honest, unpretentious, deft in evocation, and warm in spirit. And that is a good deal.

Sidestreet, U.S.A.

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WALL. By Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THE DEVICE is an old one. Take an isolated geographical unit (an island, a hotel, a street) and analyze it; the result is a microcosm that indicates, to some degree, our inconceivably vast society. Using such a device, "The Road through the Wall" tells about a small street on which is played a muted tragedy of American children (and their parents), a tragedy that arouses more pity than fear.

A prologue sketches the scene and characters with ingenuous simplicity. It is apparently just another warm lazy summer for the little community of eleven houses on a suburban California street. At one end of the street stands a high brick wall (a ravine lies on the other side); and the street is thus isolated and allowed to develop its own parochial spirit.

This spirit is a chaotic one, for it is generated by unstable elements gyrat-

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ing in variable circles. A silly and innocent diversion that the girls think of —writing sticky love letters to the boys—becomes a bludgeon wielded by the prurient. One of the girls starts a flirtation with a Chinese houseboy which grows ominous, and then dissolves almost humorously. Another girl, when she befriends the only Jewish girl on the street, is taught by her mother how to maintain the "standard" by perpetuating the street's social pogrom. Tod Donald—who is as much the victim of the tragedy as he is its instrument—sulks and scowls among his family and friends, an unwanted brat. The clusters of incidents that gather are deceptively random, but they are part of a unified design that draws together strongly and tensely as it reaches a climax.

The wall has been demolished to make way for a new road, and Mrs. Ransom-Jones gives a neighborhood party in her garden. From the sunlit *fête champêtre* with its irrelevant gaiety, two children disappear, one a pampered little girl, the other the unloved Tod. Their gruesome tragedy is decorously staged behind the scenes —down in the shadows of the ravine that the wall had shut out before. All the families are then united, but not for long; and the last pages relate the disintegration of the street, a part of the shifting pattern of American community life.

Miss Jackson's talent is a considerable one. She fits together her jigsaw plot adroitly, and underlines every gesture and phrase with significance. The characters themselves are highly original, each one lucidly perceived and conveyed. The widowed Mrs. Mack, reading the Bible to her attentive dog every night; the mock-invalid Miss Tyler, living with her sister and her sister's husband, whom she bitterly loves; the restless Mr. Roberts, prowling at night like a tom-cat: they are depicted with an impersonal sympathy that is reminiscent of Steinbeck at his best. (Then, too, the terrain is Steinbeckian, and the style has his clean simplicity.)

A minor flaw in the story-telling is that the cast is so populous that the reader occasionally forgets their relationships, but he can use the list of characters on the dust jacket as a guide. Aside from this quibble, the story is a good one, set down with neither hope nor despair. It is the story of Sidestreet, U.S.A., where the children reflect the life of their parents with its bickering futility and its moral bankruptcy.

Robert Halsband, instructor at Northwestern, has lectured on contemporary novelists and written extensively about eighteenth-century authors.

The Fallacy of "Advanced" Fiction

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IT IS not quite fair to either reader or author to reveal the plot of a novel in a review; but as I do not know how else to discuss the strength and weakness of the method in Josephine Herbst's "Somewhere the Tempest Fell,"* I shall violate custom and sketch the story.

The title is gleaned from a minor poem of Keats, and the passage is:

Somewhere the tempest fell
As many a poor fellow does not live to tell.

The work, which is unfinished, is a veiled satire of the Regency period, and its subtitle is "The Jealousies," which might be the subtitle of the novel. I am reminded of one other passage in the poem:

Show him a mouse's tail, and he will guess
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse,

and it may be I am altogether too metaphysical about Miss Herbst's intention. I do not suggest her product is mouselike.

A central character in the novel is Adam Snow, successful mystery-story writer, whose fictional detective, George Wand, becomes in Snow's mind a symbol of that crass *alter ego* the necessity of supporting his family begets in every commercial writer. Snow wants to get out from under the insupportable weight of Wand. He is haunted by complications from his former life in Italy, a thread never quite woven into the pattern of this particular carpet; and by the image of an Italian girl, his early love. In his wanderings about Chicago he thinks he is threatened by an Italian acquaintance because he, Snow, has been the unwitting cause of the death of a liberal under Mussolini—or is this delusion? This, too, seems to disappear as a *motif* at the end of the novel.

SNOW'S daughter, Angela, loves a young musician of whom Mrs. Snow disapproves; and the emotions of the family are therefore divided. During the course of the book we look into a variety of lives in Chicago as Snow, with or without his daughter, drifts here and there, partly to escape from George Wand, partly to escape from Mrs. Snow, and partly to keep a sympathetic eye on the young man, Stephen Bright, who is murdered because he more or less innocently gets involved with a dope ring. At the end, one also learns that Frieda (Mrs. Snow) has been suffering from a guilt complex because she regards herself as the murderer of her first husband, so that a trio of deaths is supposed to have cleansed and strengthened a trio of lives. The last words of the novel are: "Rome has fallen"—*i.e.*, guilt has gone.

But this is only part. Another large section concerns Ada Brady and her family. Ada has been married and divorced, and is living with her mother, her married sister (and husband), and an elderly relative in a house in Chicago, and seems to be clinging desperately to youth. Youth takes the form of trying Chicago's Bohemia and in accepting the elderly patronage of the wealthy Henry Rodney, a personage from whom all sorts of ramifications spring. He keeps his wife in Florida in order to play about in Chicago; he likes to patronize an ailing sister-in-law, her weakling husband, and her frustrated daughter, and he seems to want to renew *his* youth by participating in the life of the Brady house, which he insists on redecorating—a symbolic act. But at the end of the novel Henry Rodney remains precisely where he was—in-

*SOMEWHERE THE TEMPEST FELL. By Josephine Herbst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 344 pp. $3.

Josephine Herbst "crowds her pages with careless abundance."

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deed, there is a genial air of shoving him out of the way as if he were not very important.

Such physical action as the story has centers in a jazz musician named Lonnie, focal point of Ada's complicated sympathies, whose involvement in a gangster plot leads to the killing of Stephen Bright and a Negro musician named Tucker. Lonnie borrows money from Ada, which her spirited sister demands he return, and is about to flee Chicago when the Army drafts him. He is the center and symbol of the neurotic, feckless night life of a great metropolis. His two assets are music and charm.

There is a variety of other characters—a Dr. Gregg, who is also infected by the general *malaise;* a friend of Snow's, one Ralph Johns, a free-living fellow in the newspaper world, whose internal climate is evident from the way he is introduced: "Anything to get away from a worried preoccupation about his own plans"; a saloon keeper named Fats; political bosses; persons from South State Street; a literary agent more or less cartooned; and many more. There must be as many persons in "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" as there are in "Vanity Fair."

Miss Herbst is a writer of power. By this I mean she has an instinctive capacity for conveying imaginative energy. Her invention is inexhaustible; and she crowds into her pages with careless abundance enough personages to stock three or four ordinary books. And each of these characters interests her—interests her, upon presentation, to the exclusion of everybody else. The novel begins by examining the life and personality of Adam Snow, and one thinks he is to be focal to the structure of the tale. But by and by Mrs. Brady, Ada's mother, receives the same devoted attention; and after her, Henry Rodney, whose relations with various women are traced with care; and after that, we concentrate upon Ada and then, through Adam, we see a variety of other persons, and so on indefinitely, so that one cares less and less about the private woes of the original formal hero and returns to them, from time to time, under compulsion and with a kind of disturbed surprise, as if one were under moral obligation to come back to him. Because these later persons crowd him off the boards, he grows thinner and less convincing, until at length he is a mere *papier mâché* parent, the stereotype American father intervening between wife and daughter on behalf of the daughter.

Miss Herbst is not only prolific of character, she also has an encyclo-

(*Continued on page* 31)

Poetry.

The books reviewed below suggest various questions in regard to poetry. One is the problem of communicating to the layman the nature of a poem and the function of a poet. Another is the impact of a modern ideology upon the poetic process, as contrasted with the influence upon poetry of revealed religion. Finally, there is the problem, as apparently represented in the poems of Mrs. Pierce, of how much poetry may be restricted within the limits of a philosophy. It might be said, in general, that the thinking of poets is rarely, and by the nature of the medium cannot be, organized thinking. Emotional, passionate, intuitive is the poetic inspiration, in which the unconscious plays a large role. To be sure, the eighteenth century attempted to reduce poetry to formula, without success. Any modern movement to reduce it to logic or polemic will also fail. It reflects, but only as in lightning flashes can interpret, the time.

"Why Are We So Excited?"

THE POETIC IMAGE. By Cecil Day Lewis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 157 *pp.* $2.50.

NOAH AND THE WATERS. By Cecil Day Lewis. Forest Hills, L. I.: Transatlantic Arts, Inc. 1947. 59 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

"THE POETIC AGE" is the record of Day Lewis's reflections on the nature and function of the image in poetry addressed to an audience about whose education and sophistication he appears uncertain. I describe the book as the record of his reflections rather than the outcome of them, because he seems to be thinking the matter through as he writes rather than expounding a point of view he had clearly developed before he put pen to paper. This has unfortunate effects on his manner of writing. For example, we get a paragraph opening thus:

> We begin to see, then, that the poetic image is a more or less sensuous picture in words, to some degree metaphorical, with an undertone of some human emotion in its context, but also charged with and releasing into the reader a special emotion or passion which—no, it won't do, the thing has got out of hand. So let us start again and ask ourselves a simple question: Why are we so excited by metaphor and simile?

This coy and conscious amateurism is all the more surprising in a writer who is himself a poet. It is presumably intended to reassure the reader, to give him the impression of arguing the thing out with the writer on a non-technical, commonsense basis. But the common reader is surely only too willing to listen to an expert talk on his own subject and is irritated by such attempts to jolly him along. Sometimes Mr. Lewis seems to be shouting commonplaces to a slightly deaf child: "I would distinguish, in fact, between human emotion and poetic passion. Does that seem a very obvious distinction? It ought to be. . . ." Or again: "That common factor—let us be rash, and burn our boats, and call it pleasure."

As the book progresses, Mr. Lewis seems to forget the necessity of alternately shouting at and talking down to the reader, and the discussion settles down at last into an interesting but rather fragmentary set of *aperçus* about poetry. But it remains difficult to follow a line through the book, or to isolate and discuss the writer's view of the poetic image. We do discover that he regards the image as the essence of poetry and that when he tries to discover the nature of the poetic image he is also trying to discover the nature of poetry.

Cecil Day Lewis "seems to be shouting commonplaces to a slightly deaf child."

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We note, too, that he has some shrewd insights into particular poems and has some most interesting remarks on Dylan Thomas's "After the Funeral" and some other modern poems. He deserves praise, also, for putting that influential but silly man T. E. Hulme in his place as a critic. But having read the book we put it down with a distinct feeling of disappointment; much of it seems to have evaporated by the time we have finished it. We remember a few good points about individual poems, a questionable differentiation between the way images work in modern poetry and the way they worked in previous ages, and beyond that have only a vague recollection of remarks about organization and pleasure and universality and significance with which we are not disposed to quarrel but which we hardly need a poet to tell us.

From any ordinary critic, "The Poetic Image" would have been accepted as a commendable attempt to think through some basic facts about poetry: from Day Lewis it is not good enough.

As though to remind us that Mr. Lewis is himself a poet Transatlantic Arts have just brought out the first American edition of "Noah and the Waters," a latter-day morality play which appeared in England in 1936. The rather simple, rhetorical quality of left-wing allegory of the Popular-Front days sounds just a little pathetic after the Second World War, but the play does illustrate a use of imagery, both rhetorical and allegorical, which Mr. Lewis the poet has now left behind and which Mr. Lewis the critic does not discuss. There was much talk in the 1930's of the function of the poet. Mr. Lewis is now concerned only with the function of poetry. But surely they are both aspects of the same question.

A Single Idea—A Moralistic Pattern

I SING OF A MAIDEN (The Mary Book of Verse). Edited by Sister M. Thérese. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 459 *pp.* $4.50.

THEREFORE CHOOSE LIFE. By Edith Lovejoy Pierce. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 76 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE FASCINATING discovery in this anthology is the appeal of the Virgin Mary to a wide frontier of poets of all religious complexions; to the agnostic, the apostate, the sophisticate, and the convert. Sister Thérèse has searched with reasonable diligence into the sources, and despite the danger that hangs over the anthology that is limited to a single idea, she has given us variety along with good poetry.

The plan of her book presents the Virgin in prophecy with selections from the Old Testament, the poetic evolution of the Virgin symbol in the early Christian Church, the delightful Mary-songs of the medieval period, the devotional and mystical poems of the Elizabethan recusants, the poems of the nineteenth-century Protestant romantics, and a generous array of the moderns who find spiritual pleasure in a symbol which represents the ennoblement of woman.

Sister M. Thérèse, being a poet, chose wisely among the poems and hymns, eschewing the pietistic. There is considerable rise and fall in the quality of the moderns but nearly all of the later poets have found an original facet on a many-faceted subject. It may seem strange to encounter a poem of Rainer Maria Rilke here, but Rilke was a devout Catholic in youth, despite his later days of devotion to the "rebel angels." Both Eliot and Auden are here, both spiraling out of agnosticism toward a Christian belief. We meet Dorothy Parker in a reverent mood.

The most arresting poem by a modern is Henry Adams's "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres." The poem contains the "Prayer to the Dynamo," written forty years ago which concludes:

> Seize then, the atom. Rack his joints.
> Tear out of him his secret spring.
> Grind him to nothing,—though he points
> To us, and his life blood anoints
> Me,—the dead Atom-King.

Adams restates the quarrel of science and faith, which raged at the turn of the century, and then tells the Virgin Mary:

> Waiting I feel the energy of faith
> Not in the future science, but in you.

If I have ignored the native Catholic poet represented here, Sister Thérèse can share the blame, partly because we are excited by the sustained high quality of the non-Catholic bard and the fact that we expect a high level of performance by the Catholic poet, a promise that is not always kept, although there are memorable poems by the coterie of Catholic poets who are frequently encountered in *Spirit*, a Catholic magazine of verse. Cornelia Otis Skinner gives us an interesting clue to the non-Catholic interest in the Blessed Virgin in "To the Sistine Madonna":

> Mary, most serenely fair
> Hear an unbeliever's prayer.
> Nurtured in an austere creed
> Sweetest Lady, she has need
> Of the solace of thy grace;
> See the tears that stain her face
> As she kneels to beg your love,
> You whom no one told her of.

The poems of Edith Lovejoy Pierce reveal a disciplined poetic talent. Her themes are wholesome, and at times break through a moralistic pattern. She never writes badly, but there is almost always the philosophic link to a premise which must be demonstrated and proven. Occasionally she breaks away from the stricture of the theme, and gives her imagination and emotion free rein as in "The White Stallion" that

> Plunges into the straight air
> And, high above tree and roof,
> Stamps on the night sky,
> Striking stars from his hoof.

A typical descriptive poem in the book is "Water Lily," in which the idea is carefully depicted and sustained without damage to the poetry. When the poet abandons a calculation of theme she is at her best.

W. H. Auden

By Howard Griffin

A MAN with the wry face of a twisted saint
enters the shabby doorway at a dash
as if by his least gesture and his gait
he said, *Use time.*—A smile
half-clowned, a gaze perceptive as a dog's
announce him sharply to the waiting class,—
these and his battered army togs.
—But when he speaks thoughts move with strange address
and as one listens (in the chalky air),
unselved, a book turns luminous,
suspended in the ether, as it were . . .
Garbled and magical the words
that have the desperate charity of a whip.
Habitually alone he seems to move
through the deft fabric of a game,—
observe in the eye the dark unspoken thought
and in the thought the spirit's truthful flame.

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Personal History.

In his own day Mark Twain was known as the roistering Western humorist of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog—," the crude journalist of "Innocents Abroad," the top-rank lecturer and white-maned literary idol of the country. Today we are beginning to understand another Mark Twain: the pessimistic, cynical author of "The Mysterious Stranger" and "What is Man?"; the grieving father who wrote of the death of his daughter: "In her loss I am almost bankrupt, and my life is a bitterness, but I am content: for she has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts —death." And he is the creator of Huck Finn, who still sails magically on his raft through the heart of a continent; of Tom Sawyer; of "Life on the Mississippi." Mark Twain grows in stature with every succeeding year.

Clemens in the Ambrosial Isles

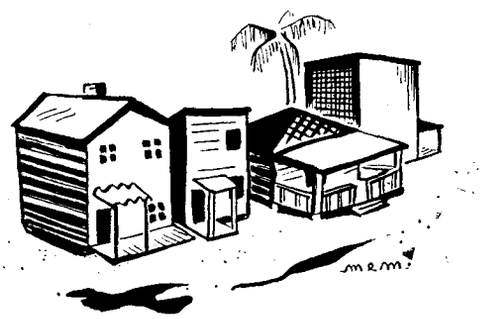
MARK TWAIN AND HAWAII. By Walter Francis Frear. Chicago: The Lakeside Press. 1948. 519 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

THE biography of Mark Twain, which Albert Bigelow Paine attempted in four useful but sloppy volumes in 1912, is slowly being rewritten piecemeal with a carefulness and competence beyond the grasp of that billiard-playing Boswell. Minnie Brashear has dealt with the highly important Missouri boyhood, Fred Lorch with his brief interval in Iowa, and Ivan Benson with his Western years. (The last-named field received another going over in 1947, with small visible profit, by Effie Mona Mack in a mediocre book on Mark Twain and Nevada.) These studies, along with Samuel C. Webster's delightful and documentary "Mark Twain, Business Man," and Bernard DeVoto's brilliant analysis of Mark Twain's development as an artist, have already superseded large segments of the Clemens biography about which Paine fondly supposed he had said the last word.

A newcomer to the ranks of indispensable Mark Twain volumes is Judge Walter Frear's "Mark Twain and Hawaii," which incidentally is a beautiful example of book-making. The term "definitive"—stretched to cover such a multitude of books until its elasticity has been worn out—once in a while is well deserved. This is it. No comparable period of four months in Clemens's life has ever received this saturation treatment, nor probably will get it hereafter. Beyond a few random bits in the private papers and unpublished notebooks of Mark Twain which add nothing essential to the story, Judge Frear has here collected apparently everything preserved about Mark Twain's four-month sojourn in Hawaii in 1866. Letters, newspaper files however obscure, mementoes, local memories and traditions, as well as close and repeated scrutiny of the terrain—all have been exhausted in the preparation of this book. It collects for the first time all twenty-five travel pieces which Twain wrote for the *Sacramento Union*, including three omitted in G. Ezra Dane's "Letters from the Sandwich Islands." It also salvages some interesting miscellaneous material written by Twain about Hawaii through the years, and presents a detailed record of his famous lecture, given again and again with frequent changes, latterly called "Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands." Since this was the first lecture Mark Twain ever gave and also one of the most durable in his repertory, unusual interest attaches to its history. The appendixes, which run to half the volume, offer a storehouse of little-known Twainiana, some of it fascinating.

Loyal Twainians will not question the scale upon which this book is built. Specialists will feel grateful that one salient of Mark Twain's career has been dealt with seemingly forever; the budding researcher can only grumble that Judge Frear has left him no reasonable pretext for a trip to those ambrosial islands in the track of his hero. Outsiders, however, may be forgiven for asking whether the four-month visit made here by Sam Clemens in his thirty-first year is worth so elaborate a reconstruction —an interlude described by Paine in about two thousand words now being expanded into a volume of five hundred pages. Judge Frear, ex-Governor and distinguished jurist of the Islands and donor of the famous Morse collection of Twainiana to his alma mater, Yale University, obviously undertook this project as a labor of love, lavishing time, money, and tireless enterprise in pursuit of the twin hobbies associated in the title itself. Nevertheless he has prepared an answer to doubters about the relative importance of this subject.



In the beginning he cites statements from Howells, Kipling, Stephen Leacock, and William Lyon Phelps (whose authority few Yalensians of the Class of '85 would dare to question) that Mark Twain is the greatest and most interesting American author, and hence a figure about whom all details are precious. Furthermore, Judge Frear calls this visit to Hawaii "the most significant turning point of Mark Twain's life," falling between his thirty-year apprenticeship to life and his emergence as a finished literary artist. This reader doubts that the Hawaiian trip had quite so profound an effect upon Clemens as Judge Frear argues, or marked quite so sharp a transition from youthful crudity to mature refinement. This latter was a slow evolutionary process, broken by numerous lapses in judgment and self-criticism that persisted to the end of his days. And on the whole the most powerful reagents in bringing out his matured taste and style were those encountered afterwards—namely "Mother" Fairbanks, Livy Langdon whom he married, William Dean Howells, and other literary associates in Boston, Hartford, and New York. On the other hand, while Hawaii was a charming interval, the deepest stratum of his experience was and always remained the Hannibal of his boyhood, the Mississippi River of his green manhood. What Mark Twain did discover in writing his travel pieces for the Sacramento press was his talent for what the Victorians called "word-painting," a passion, sincere though highly conventionalized, for describing romantic scenery. Prior to his Hawaiian voyage he had made practically no use of this gift; henceforth it loomed large in his newspaper articles and travel books, as well as the lectures which he first began to deliver after returning to San Francisco. It never became the most powerful string to Mark Twain's bow, but at least this self-discovery was worth making.

Judge Frear's book has the few

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minor handicaps and the outstanding solid virtues of exhaustiveness. It is subject to antiquarian digressions, occasional citations that are needlessly detailed and cumbersome, and considerable back-tracking which interrupts the chronology of his story. But its standard of accuracy is scrupulous. It corrects a host of errors in Paine and some in Merle Johnson's bibliography, sets right several mistakes in the folklore of Mark Twain, and makes most research in the field seem lax and uncritical by comparison. The gusto of its author and his unflagging curiosity in getting to the bottom of every topic which he handles enlist the interest of the reader, who, whether he be amateur or expert, is bound to learn a great deal from this book. The legally-trained mind, accustomed to the weighing of evidence and the ferreting out of detail, has seldom worked on a biographical-regional problem with better effect than in this volume.

Backfielder in Profiles

DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT WARREN WIND

ACCORDING to the score-card that gives the names and numbers of the men on *The New Yorker's* team, there are two Taylors on the squad. The older—and perhaps the better known since the cartoon is glibber than the paragraph—is Richard Taylor, the fellow who draws those perch-eyed people. The other Taylor, Robert Lewis, is a youngish man and a prose man who generally operates in the Profile backfield. Sooner or later all good profilers have their work collected in book form, and "Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief" constitutes a selection of Robert Lewis Taylor's personality studies over the past eight or nine years. Interlarded with some humorous fiction about the cliff-dwelling set and some fine travel "casuals" about the South Pacific, they make a book that is extremely entertaining and one that has a good deal more staying power than most books composed of magazine pieces.

The body and soul of "Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief" are, of course, Mr. Taylor's profiles. There are fourteen in all, eleven of which first appeared in *The New Yorker,* one apiece from *The Saturday Evening Post, Life,* and *Redbook.* The personalities run a very liberal gamut. The doctor is Dr. Alfred Meyer who in 1943, the year of Mr. Taylor's investigation, was eighty-nine years old and nearing the peak of a notable career as "the second oldest living graduate of Columbia University." The chief is Patrick Walsh, Fire Chief of New York City, a wonderful boy. Considering the pains Mr. Taylor has taken to vary his title from the nursery chant and the Hoagy Carmichael song, it is rather bewildering that none of his subjects is primarily a merchant, and, for that matter, the one subject qualified as a lawyer is Larry MacPhail who is better known for his extra-legal activities. Taylor compensates for these omissions by offering a radio comedian (Henry Morgan), a glamor photographer (Murray Korman), an expert on Iranian culture (Arthur Upham Pope), a body-builder (Charles Atlas), an inventor (Luis de Florez), a bowling champ (Joe Falcaro), and a New York streetcar driver (Bryan Hannon), as well as a sports writer (Grantland Rice), the founder of the League for Less Noise (Henry Peabody), an Arctic explorer (Vilhjalmur Stefansson), and an ex-king (Carol of Rumania).

To these diverse personalities Mr. Taylor brings a very genuine enthusiasm and a really eclectic intelligence. When Taylor writes about his Iranian expert, for instance, he persuades you that he has been hanging around Teheran all his life, but this is impossible since he has obviously spent good portions around bowling alleys, Ebbets Field, and Rumania. Only once, in my case, did one of Taylor's portraits fail to come blithely to life: Mr. Hannon, the streetcar man, left me cold even when he turned out to be an authority on the early Irish Church, a naval historian, and a cog in the Irish Revolution, for I could not get the idea out of my head that Mr. Taylor had been assigned to seek out and glorify that paradox, a pleasant man who drives a public vehicle in New York City.

As profilers go, Robert Lewis Taylor is an appreciator rather than a perforator. In his study of Larry MacPhail—a 1941 job, by the way, which holds up very well—he probes the great man's methods and madness neatly and factually, but he gives Larry the benefit of all doubts. He is easy on Carol. Taylor has a sharp eye for pretension and can deflate with the best, but it is significant that most of his subjects are second-magnitude celebrities whom he is introducing to a new audience in many cases. He has a basic affection for his "discoveries," and their enthusiasms are his.

There are, and there will be, widely dissenting opinions as to which of Taylor's profiles are the most successful, but Fire Chief Walsh and Stefansson the explorer will take a lot of beating. (The Walsh piece gets off the mark with a terrific first sentence: "The rise of Patrick Walsh to the position of Fire Chief of New York City is a triumph of will over pinochle.") The high point of the story of Stefansson, "that permanent feature of the obituary page," is the account of how Stefansson and two reluctant aides broke off from the main party and took to the ice floes to disprove the venerated theory that the Arctic sea was completely devoid of wild life. For ninety-three days Stefansson and his aides moved from floe to floe, shooting their dinners as they needed them. Then, believing that they had proved their point, they calmly returned to the mainland.

The positive excitement of the Stefansson story would almost suggest that "under-writers" like Mr. Taylor —factual, urbane, witty, and chary with their medals—are at their best when handling an outdoor man and an unsophisticated theme.

—*Dr. Orrin S. Wightman.*

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, "that permanent feature of the obituary page."

—*N. Y. Fire Department.*

"The rise of Patrick Walsh to [NYC] Fire Chief is a triumph of will over pinochle."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Time for Fantasy

IT HAS been often said that we live in a time of fantasy. The hard facts that the most realistic of men—scientists, economists, inventors, for example—once had to deal with have lost the firm bases on which they had been built. The astronomer is now investigating an expanding universe that may be in the process of devolution; the economist is dealing with figures that have become astronomical in their rows of seemingly meaningless ciphers; the inventor must leap into space with the scientist, who in turn adopts the mantle of the philosopher while he is investigating a particle that has suddenly expanded into a solar system, or explaining a universe that, according to Sir James Jeans, probably contains as many stars as "the total number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world." This is the age of relativity, the age of scientific miracles, the age of fear, when what was once sound and practical becomes an unsubstantial shadow, and the dream, or the nightmare, may become the only reality. Plato, in a prophetic fantasy in Book VII of "Republic," writes of men chained in a cave who could not move their heads, watching the shadows of images carried along a wall. The dialogue ends in this manner: *"You have shown me strange images, and they are strange prisoners. Like ourselves, I replied: 'And they see only their own shadows, or the other shadows that the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?' 'Yes,' he said. 'To them,' I said, 'the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.'"*

Mankind has always lived in the heart of fantasy, the Christian heaven with its streets of gold and pearly gates, the sensuous Mohammedan paradise, the rocky abodes of the anthropomorphic gods of Norway and Greece, the Oriental nirvana. It has for centuries been an accepted literary device, or for as long as man has translated into words his dreams, his inspirations, and his flashes of prophecy. It has had practical uses, ranging from political and social satire to the dramatization of philosophic and theological concepts, from Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" to Huxley's "Brave New World," C. S. Lewis's "Screwtape Letters," and Sartre's existentialist dramas of our day.

Only in these late years has fantasy developed conventional techniques of its own. It has so rapidly come into being that most readers are not aware that a new phenomenon has now become an integral part of modern literature. It serves many purposes: it panders to man's primitive love of frightening himself with supernatural horrors, with familiar demons and ghosts and ghouls; it provides humor for Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" or John Collier's short stories; it uses the discoveries of the psychiatrists to plunge into the subconscious mind and bring forth angels or devils or monstrous children; it uses black magic; the powers of Satan and witchcraft wage the ancient battle between evil and good. Conventional novelists are using it imaginatively to explain the facets of their characters that cannot be described in plain prose. But fantasy's stronghold lies today in the discoveries of the scientist, and it is in the field of science and invention and astronomy that it is winning its armies of readers.

The bewilderment and fear of the ordinary man in the street faced with scientific realities, with ships that fly beyond the speed of sound, with atoms that explode, and deadly radioactive gases that may bring death to most of us, might have brought civilized mankind close to madness if fantasy had not stepped in to elucidate in its own mad way, and thus to render the frightening miracle commonplace.

It could not have evolved until men began to conceive of what the mechanization of the world might accomplish, until the age of mechanical invention. It would not have attained its present hold on millions if many of the writers of fantasy had not been endowed with prophetic minds. Jules Verne was the first great producer of scientific fiction whose concepts later became plain realities. H. G. Wells might have been said to have invented the practical airplane and to have developed the major themes that have occupied a legion of writers, the mystery and the conquest of time and space. Fletcher Pratt, the historian of war, a writer of scientific fiction, credits Wells with describing accurately radio and television in 1899, and, in 1898, a jet-propelled wing bomber in all essentials like the ones that hiss through the skies today. No one has yet surpassed Wells in making fantastic ideas more credible, whether of a war with the Martians, or a man awakening a thousand years hence, and no one has given more reality to his human characters.

THE scientific story and the necessity for it, developed with such speed that science itself became the central figure. The men and women in the early stories that appeared in the pulp magazines, and later in anthologies and books, are carved out of iron; they are unchangeable and unbreakable. These new writers were to find a public that had been brought up on

(*Continued on page 37*)

His Name Is Legion

By Sara King Carleton

NOT if the dead spoke, would he hear a thing,
Who walks on solid ground, contained, alone,
Indifferent to a nebulous unknown,
Elysian pastures where the lost birds sing.
He does not crowd with vague conjecturing
These city streets well crowded with their own;
The world to him is actual flesh and bone,
And overhead no shadow hovering.

Given his coffee and his egg and toast,
He goes contented on his average way,
Confident in himself, not in his star;
And if, with great wings spread, an angel host
Descended, he would hardly feel dismay,
Knowing how futile such visitations are.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"America in Perspective"

SIR: Your review of "America in Perspective" [*SRL* Dec. 20] has just come to me here. I never quarrel with reviewers, and I shall certainly not quarrel with Mr. Jones, for whose judgment I have the deepest respect. I do think it relevant to say, though, that "America in Perspective" did not attempt to do what Allan Nevins has done so well in "American Social History as Seen by British Travelers." It did not, and could not, include descriptions of gougings, lynchings, murders, steamboat explosions, etc., etc. At least that was not my intention. May I quote from my introduction: "It should be kept in mind that these [selections] are interpretations, not merely journalistic reports, that they are designed to discover the meaning of America, not merely its appearance or habits or customs. . . . It is not the sensational that I have sought but the philosophical."

HENRY COMMAGER.

Peterhouse College,
Cambridge, England.

We're So *Mortified!*

SIR: You have on various occasions, I suppose, received letters declaring, "Your magazine stinks!" In this case, however, I mean it in the literal, or purely sensory, meaning. About your paper or ink hangs a penetrating odor, to me definitely nauseous. It even clings to my hands noticeably several minutes after reading your otherwise estimable journal. I am not, I should add, a man olfactorally finicky. . . .

You are not the only magazine thus affected—if that is any comfort to you. The *United States News*, for instance, carries an odor perhaps less blatant but even more nauseating.

Can't you do something about this? I fear that I shall be affected subconsciously, and may soon come to think, by association, that all modern literature is merely a stench in the nostrils.

GEORGE R. STEWART.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: After two years of reading *SRL* from cover to cover I'd like to tell you what I like about it and vice versa.

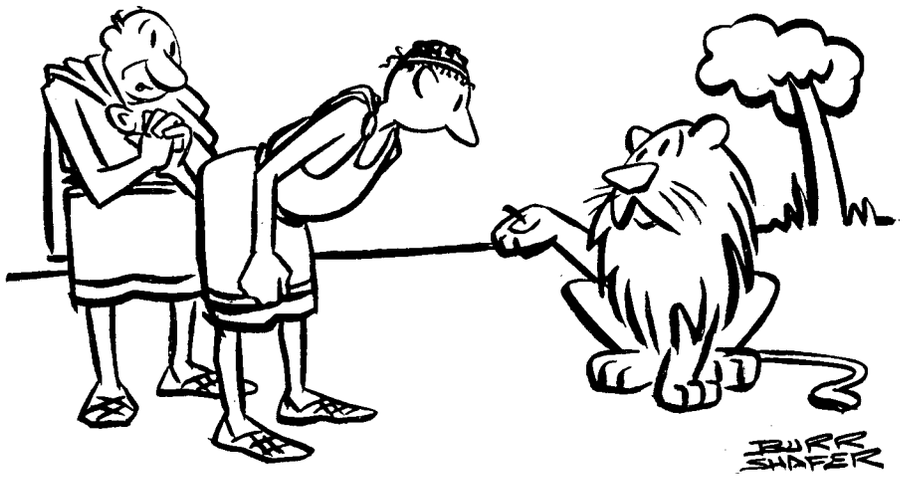
I like:
John Mason Brown
Trade Winds
The running battle between the editors, editorially speaking.
The increasing emphasis on European literature.
Excerpts from current books.
The departmentalizing. Many times I have wished that books on similar subjects were reviewed by the same reviewer. However, I suppose the current method is to be commended for variety of opinion.

I don't like:
The record section.
The tendency of some critics to flaunt their knowledge as superior to the author of the book they're reviewing. True or not, it's in bad taste. Happily, this tendency, which a year ago was quite prevalent in your pages, is seldom seen now. In fact, the only examples I can think of are recent reviews by Jeremy Ingalls.
The poetry. Seems to me very weak, but that is sour grapes because you won't buy mine.

Improvement in the two years has been marked. My congratulations and thanks for many, many hours of inspiring reading.

ELIZABETH COOPER.

Los Angeles, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Don't take chances—call the humane society people."

Protest

SIR: I wish to draw your attention to the tone of the review of my "America's Destiny," by a Mr. Asher Brynes [*SRL* Dec. 13, 1947]. I cannot expect you to do anything about it. Nor can I help asking your concern for a rather spiteful, scornful treatment, with a particularly malicious personal aspersion on me in the last paragraph, which has no relevance to my work, and for which your reviewer ought, I think, to submit an apology or a withdrawal.

Furthermore, he attributes to me a "Hitler trick of disposing of an opponent's argument on the ground that he is of the Jewish race" . . . etc. I happen myself (or I try hard to be) a good practising Jew, not least in memory of the faith of my parents, killed in London when my home was destroyed by Hitler's V-2 rockets. I have used no trick: I merely recalled to a fellow-Jew (and I was careful not to obtrude the word "Jew") what a splendid status the Jews had for long had in Britain. If you will look at page 107, you will understand what an infamous aspersion Mr. Brynes's observation is, and, above all, how unjustified.

He has never so much as mentioned the learning and thought that have gone into my treatment of nationalism, world government, the atomic bomb problem, the decline of British power, the causes of war, the nature of Soviet government and diplomacy, the evidence of my work on the I.L.O., and so forth. It is as though these subjects did not even exist. Yet MacIver said in *The New York Times*, "He has the competence that comes from thorough scholarship, an unflinching sincerity, and a wide experience of political affairs," etc. etc. And Professor Kenneth Colegrove said: ". . . the book is more realistic than ideological, more scientific than a voice crying in the wilderness . . . a notable contribution to the literature of power politics and world peace."

Coupled with the chosen cartoon of Max Beerbohm, which certainly put a slant on the verbal peevishness, there is no gainsaying that the review is one long Anglophobic diatribe. It was far more of a review of my publishers' advertisement-jacket than of the contents of my book. I wrote about (1) the present calamities; (2) international law; (3) atomic bomb controls; (4) the fulfilment of treaties; (5) world government—its conditions and prospects; (6) the causes of war; (7) nationalism and sovereignty; (8) the nature of ideologies; (9) the decline of British power; (10) the character of Soviet government and diplomacy. Above all, I analyzed the relationship between Force and Persuasion in the future of world order. I think I made some contribution to these anxious questions, especially the last.

Look at this work for yourself. You will not agree with me all along. This cannot be expected in political science and philosophy, for many good reasons. But you will see that Mr. Brynes has committed the *SRL* to grave irresponsibility. If those who care about the common good and are contributors to national and international understanding should condone such cavalier inattention to argument, and the veracious conveying of the sense of scholarly work to the mass of our fellow-citizens, what hope can we entertain for social progress? I repeat that I do not mind being refuted, if the refutation is well-founded. Above all, are not the personal aspersions improper?

HERMAN FINER.

New York, N. Y.

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Ideas and Studies.

In the preface to his recent study of the making of the Constitution, "The Great Rehearsal," Carl Van Doren emphasized the parallel between the task of uniting thirteen disparate states in 1789, and the present problem confronting the advocates of world federation. The parallel was close, with one basic exception: a world federation today must unite, in the face of rampant nationalism, far more widely diverse racial and cultural groups. This is the central problem of our times, and it is admirably brought out in the discussion of the three books reviewed below. It is just as easy to fall prey to facile theories of race, especially if they contribute to a more comfortable conscience, as it is difficult to create a legal and political basis upon which all men can meet; but the alternative to the latter is world chaos.

"We-Group" and Guests

RACE AND NATIONALITY. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: Ronald Press. 1947. 216 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

BASICALLY this book is a statement of the author's views of American nationality and a plea for our support of them. The essence of nationality, says Professor Fairchild, is feeling; it is a feeling of identity as members of a "we-group." Members of a nationality have the same or similar "ideas, ideals, standards, aspirations, and life objectives." They are united in emotion and spirit and desire to share a common life. "They wish to be combined in the ordering of their own essential institutions and enterprises. They wish to cooperate in the pursuit of their shared objectives. . . . They recognize a spiritual, emotional, and intellectual kinship, and on the basis of those bonds they wish to be united into a sympathetic, harmonious, and homogeneous unit." A lack of identity in language, religion, family system, economic structure, or the basic moral code "is a serious threat to nationality, and a detraction from its completeness." In the ideal nation the people speak a common language, have one religion and one body of moral traditions, are descended from common ancestors. At the end of the American Revolution, the American people emerged "as a genuine nationality in its own right. All its essential characteristics were well established. Later comers must logically be thought of as being admitted into a going nationality, not as helping to build one."

The author finds it difficult to fit the Jews and Negroes into the American nationality, the latter because of their race, the former because of their own nationality or cultural traits. Their presence operates prejudicially against genuine national solidarity. The laws excluding certain racial groups from coming as immigrants, and the immigration quota laws, are justified as measures protecting our national integrity. We have gone as far as we could have safely gone in permitting, "in the name of humanitarianism and liberalism," the dilution of our nationality.

On St. Patrick's Day in 1945, Professor Fairchild reminds us, 50,000 persons, linked to Ireland, marched up Fifth Avenue for almost four hours.

> This was only a single case, symbolic of many other processions that might take place, or have actually taken place, composed of Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Italians, Germans, Poles, and so on almost indefinitely. It is a mark of the essential liberalism of the United States that such a thing can occur. But it also raises the crucial question how far a nation can go in encouraging the persistence of groups, running into the second or even third generation, whose "hearts are linked inexorably" to some foreign land. A strong nationality can stand a good deal of this, but no nation can stand unlimited amounts of it.

A host, however, should always be courteous and just towards his guests. We must, says the author, treat our aliens with consideration; we must try to root anti-Semitism out of our hearts; Jim Crow laws should be repealed; the Negro should be permitted to enjoy the franchise without special restrictions. We can achieve these and similar results, however, not by resort to law. The general effect of legislation "will much more often be to intensify bad feeling than to subdue it. What liberals and progressives of every stamp should work for is the humanizing of the heart of man."

Many Americans will not be able to recognize in this picture the character of American nationality as they know it. If Professor Fairchild had written this book about Polish or Rumanian nationality, it would have hit the mark. But what, in heaven's name, does it have to do with the America we know?

Henry Pratt Fairchild's "is no authentic American voice; he is the foreigner in our midst."

Several months ago the President's Committee on Civil Rights made public its report, "To Secure These Rights," in which, paraphrasing the language of Thomas Jefferson and H. M. Kallen, they said that the concept of equality knows no kinship with notions of human uniformity or regimentation. "We abhor the totalitarian arrogance which makes one man say that he will respect another man as his equal only if he has 'my race, my religion, my political views, my social position.' In our land men are equal, but they are free to be different. From these very differences among our people has come the great human and national strength of America."

Where Fairchild sees weakness, other Americans, looking at America with the eyes of Jefferson, Madison, Whitman, Emerson, see strength; where he sees danger, they see glory. Fortunately, Fairchild's is no authentic American voice; he, and not the "Irishman" who joined the St. Patrick's Day parade, is the foreigner in our midst.

Whatever may be true of other nationalities, ours is founded on the principle of equality without uniformity, on what Kallen has called the principle of orchestration. Not cultural monism, but cultural pluralism, is the bedrock of American democracy. In a recent case in the Supreme Court Justice Jackson pointed out that the Bill of Rights protects the freedom

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to be intellectually and spiritually diverse or even contrary, and that this freedom is enjoyed without fear that it will disintegrate the social organization.

This country has come through two world wars as the victor over peoples whose systems of government and society were founded on monistic principles. We are free and strong despite and because of our diversities. No Negro or Jew—and no Irishman who has marched down Fifth Avenue—has been convicted of treason. The lack of identities in religion, language, race, or what-not has not, *as a matter of fact*, been found to constitute a threat to our nationality.

The colonists who came over here before the Revolution, says Fairchild, were pioneers; they were brave men. The immigrants who followed them (the forefathers of more than half of the American people) were, on the other hand, "the unsuccessful, the weak, the dependent, the followers instead of the leaders." It is these weak, dependent, unsuccessful men and women and their children who, with their sweat and blood, contributed to the building of the America that Fairchild enjoys; who fought against their former homelands to secure, protect, and strengthen the American nationality that Fairchild misunderstands. "Throughout our history," President Truman said in his message on civil rights on February 2, "men and women of all colors and creeds, of all races and religions, have come to this country to escape tyranny and discrimination. Millions strong, they have helped build this democratic nation and have constantly reinforced our devotion to the great ideals of liberty and equality." Were it not for our diversities, we would not be as free as we are; were it not for our freedom, we would not be as strong.

Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell University professor, is author of "The Alien and the Asiatic in American Law" (1946), "The Constitution and Civil Rights" (1947), and other works.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 726)

BUTTERFIELD:
THE AMERICAN PAST

We read in his diary: "About ten o'clock I bade farewell to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York."*

*Washington on April 16, 1789, for his inauguration, April 30.

Inequality of Man

HUMAN ANCESTRY: From a Genetical Point of View. By R. Ruggles Gates. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 442 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE QUEST for certainty is such among men that even scientists have not always avoided the temptation of drawing far-reaching conclusions from inadequate evidence. In few fields has this, perhaps, been more often true than in the study of man's ancestry. Whenever a new fragment of bone or a few teeth are found that look at all humanlike, the attempt is very properly made to relate such remains to those that are already known. This is, indeed, the fundamental procedure of classificatory method. Where fossils are concerned it is the only method we have, crude as it is. The crudity of the method is, however, too often forgotten, and in the enthusiasm for the new discovery distinctions and relationships are often suggested which, as new materials become available, are subsequently shown to be anything but probable.

The fact is that we are not yet in a position to draw up an account of human ancestry, except in the most tentative and speculative manner. We have only recovered a small proportion of the human fossil relicts that remain to be recovered, and until our evidence is very much more complete, the subject of man's ancestry must remain tentative and full of unsolved problems.

It could have been wished that these points had been explicitly made by Dr. Gates in this significantly contrived book. The alert reader will, however, discover them for himself as the additive effects of the author's "probablys," "presumablys," "possiblys," and "seems" make themselves felt.

Even if all the material were available, the problem would still remain of discovering the mechanisms or factors which operatively affected the evolution of man in producing all the various forms by which we know him. This is the problem with which Dr. Gates is principally concerned in the present volume. "It is only by learning," he remarks in a very doubtful proposition, "how man has come to his present state that we may hope intelligently to control in any measure his future development. This book is offered as a small contribution to that end. In the present disturbed state of the world it is important that questions of race and population be recognized as the fundamental problems they are."

This passage from the author's preface gives us the clue to the motif of the whole book. Dr. Gates is convinced that the "races" of mankind are unequal, that some are mentally superior to others, that the "eighteenth-century political doctrine" that "all men are born free and equal" is "hopelessly at variance with the facts of science, and has been the cause of much obscure thinking." A discussion of potentially interfertile but actually reproductively isolated animal groups leads Dr. Gates to deliver himself of the following interesting observation:

> Disinclination to cross with widely different types is unfortunately a condition which has never developed completely in modern man, although

My Current Reading

Our reading list this week comes from Walter White, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whose hard-hitting article in *SRL* Oct. 11, 1947, "Why I Remain a Negro," has been widely noticed:

TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS: *The Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights (Simon & Schuster)*

TOWARD FREEDOM: *The Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru (John Day)*

KINGSBLOOD ROYAL, *by Sinclair Lewis (Random)*

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR, *by Willard Motley (Appleton-Century)*

INSIDE U.S.A., *by John Gunther (Harper)*

POSTCRIPT TO YESTERDAY: *America the Last Fifty Years, by Lloyd Morris (Random)*

THE HIGH COST OF PREJUDICE, *by Bucklin Moon (Messner)*

THE GREAT REHEARSAL, *by Carl Van Doren (Viking)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, W. B. Pomeroy, and C. E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

RICHER BY ASIA, *by Edmond Taylor (Houghton Mifflin)*

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as in all animals, preference for a mate of similar type is quite general in mankind. If it were universal, as in animals, then the frequently unhappy combinations arising from crosses between different human species would never occur.

So there we have it. Except for the racist, the "frequently unhappy combinations", allegedly resulting from "race crossing" are purely mythical. That this racist myth has been thoroughly and completely disproven by scientific observation and by human experience will not, of course, prevent its repeated revival. Dr. Gates even goes so far as to suggest that because members of ethnic groups such as the Lapps and Australian aborigines have never mated it is possible that they are intersterile!

When Walter de la Mare (in "Desert Islands") referred to man as "raw *homo*, that is, with little admixture of *sapiens*" he spoke like the poet he is. The rawness of Dr. Gates's argument is concealed beneath a tufa of what appears to be a dispassionate academic treatment of human ancestry. To support that argument it is necessary for Dr. Gates to prove the inequality of man, and this he believes he can best do by showing that man is not, as practically every scientist is today agreed, comprised of a single species, but that he is separable into distinct species, most of which have developed from diverse ancestral stocks on different continents.

By misinterpreting the views of several of the leading workers in the field, and by referring to "anthropological opinion" as supporting views which do not have the support of any anthropologist known to the reviewer, Dr. Gates is easily able to dispose of those who hold other views, and make out a case for his own particular prejudices.

It is a melancholy performance. At this time when, in the name of a "return to reason" the heritarians and inegalitarians are mustering their forces for the attack on what they choose to call the "political doctrine" of the equality of man, it behooves us to be particularly vigilant. Therefore let us call Dr. Gates's book by its proper name. It is not a scientific treatise but a political tract. A shot that has misfired.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 245

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 245 will be found in the next issue.

FQUNRNVJK ZXMJE NW BZV

VX SXEEFZV VTJ RNQKW XG

VTXWJ MTX ZXWWJWW NV.

—M. ZNVV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 244

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run halfway to meet it.
D. W. JERROLD

In Defense of Liberty

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF CIVIL RIGHTS: QUEST FOR A SWORD. By Robert K. Carr. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. 1947. 284 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MORRIS L. ERNST

THIS is an important and valuable contribution to the literature of liberty in the United States. The volume touches on the two great contributions made by our nation to the history of mankind. I refer to our pursuit of freedom of speech, religion, assembly, and those other rights of individuals deprecated by the followers of Hitler and Stalin, and our great experiment as a federation of forty-eight separate states exploring as separate laboratories the folkways of government.

Robert Carr, in this volume, is peculiarly interested in the Federal protection of civil rights and the duty of the National Government in that realm. President Truman's exciting message following the report of his Committee on Civil Rights, should give to this book an increased audience. The subtitle of the book, "Quest for a Sword," is taken from Mr. Justice Jackson's great opinion in the *Pollock* case in 1944, wherein the Justice posits governmental duty in defense of liberty as "both a shield and a sword." Carr agrees that it is not enough for us to hold to the original mandate of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law." There must be affirmative action. Our Federal Government must move forward as a spear to extend liberty for all individuals. In the elaboration of this thesis the book traces in happily not too lawyer-like fashion, clarification of the Constitution and statutory laws relating to liberty. The author, having spent a vast amount of time on research, discusses the civil rights section in the Department of Justice, pointing out the development of this tiny section, the growth of procedural techniques, the difficulties in practices as compared to abstractions of the law, and the conflicts that arise between local mores and our national pattern of freedom. In his final pages entitled "The Sword and the Future" he hints at a few possible techniques of the future and his own hopes for the waging of an aggressive warfare against bigotry.

This short volume is the best job done to date on the small area with which the author was concerned. I trust he or someone else will now proceed to do Volume II, wherein some social engineering of ingenuity could be applied to new techniques for obtaining a democratic base for a common life in America irrespective of race, creed, or color. For my part, I have long deplored the lack of imagination among reformers, whether lawyers or not, since the accent, all too often, has rested on the doubtful hope that the sole way to curb evils by law in a democratic society is to pass laws providing for jail sentences. I am of the opinion that the criminal sanction is one of the least effective sanctions for changing folkways imbedded in prejudices. The President's Report on Civil Rights, under the aegis of Charles E. Wilson, suggested other and, it seems to me, preferable techniques for creating adjustments in our society, as for example: no governmental moneys to be spent for schools, hospitals, or housing where there is discrimination on race, creed, or color and substantial disclosure of all groups entering the marketplace of thought, with mass distribution touching on the political and economic life of the nation. Hate groups can only survive in our climate if operating by stealth and underground. There is a suggestion in the Report on Civil Rights that maybe we ought to consider the social value of not allowing donors to tax-exempt organizations to deduct on their individual tax returns amounts contributed to any educational or welfare organizations which discriminate on race, creed, or color lines. Carr's present book on the old-fashioned and present workings of law in relation to bigotry is, in a way, a supplement to that report. I am hopeful that enough readers of this book will encourage the author to carry on with a sequel volume exploring new approaches to this basic problem of our nation.

Professor Carr was secretary of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and a substantial amount of the credit for that report belongs to him.

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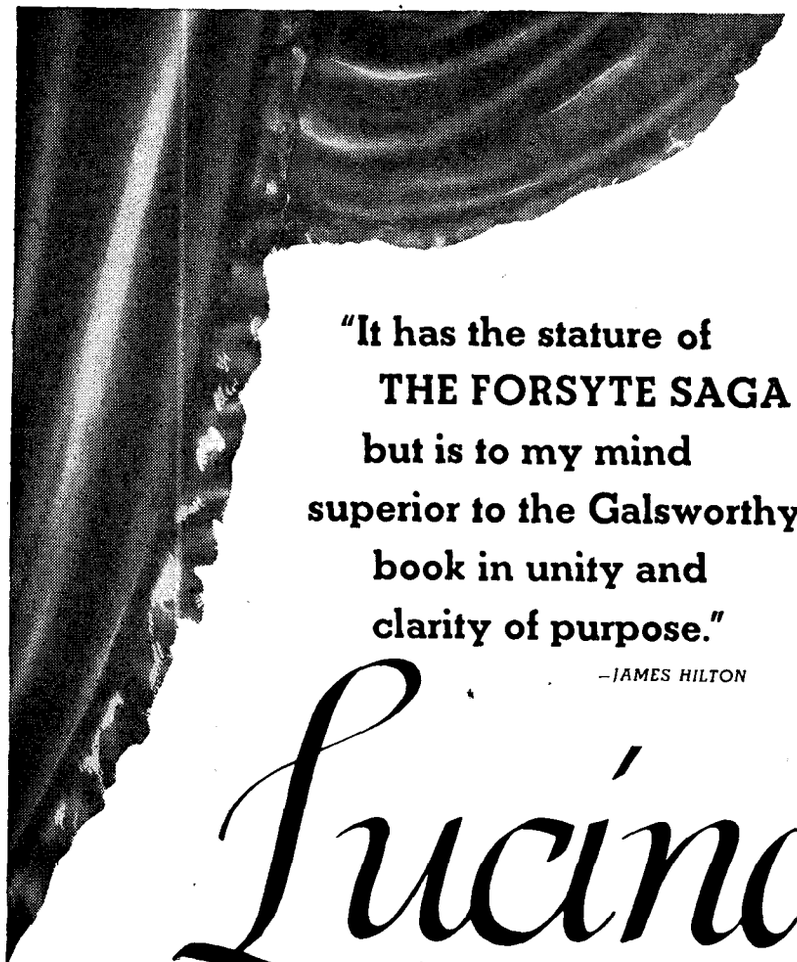

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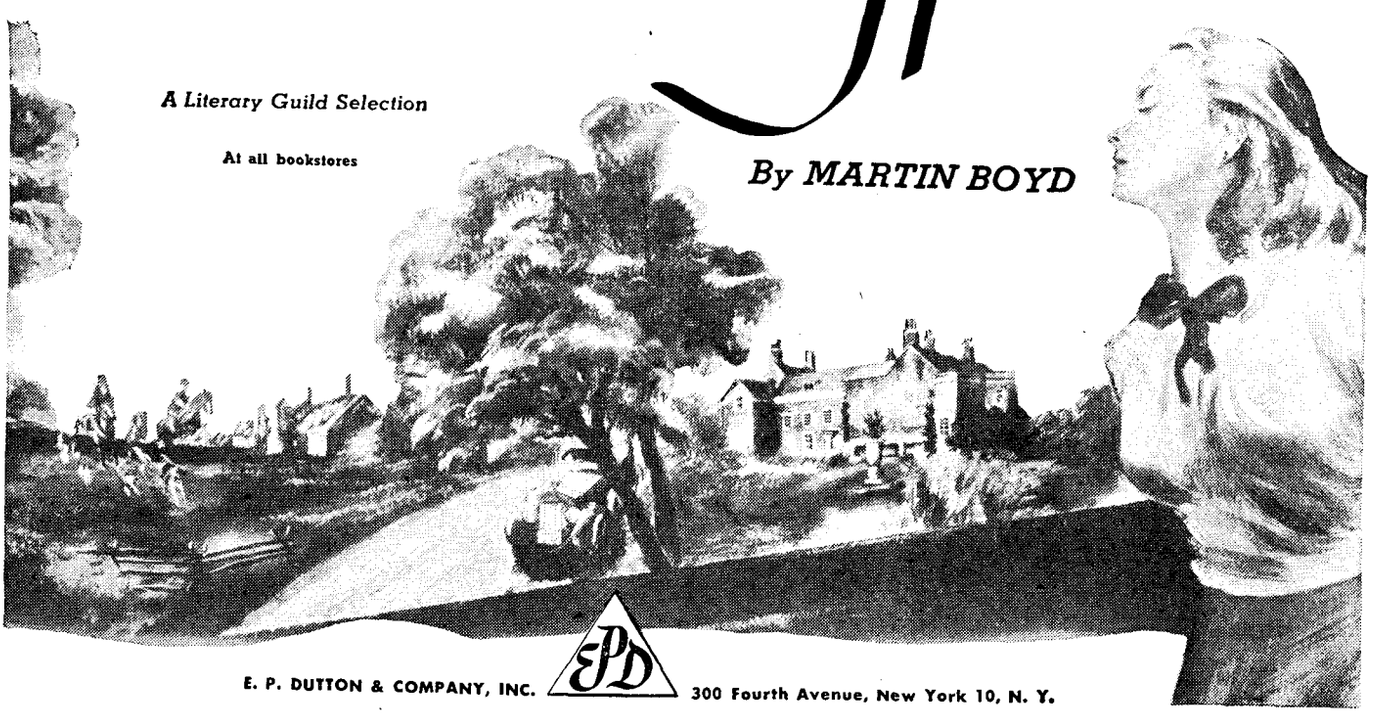

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Seeing Things

SHERMAN IN THE SADDLE

THE LAST thing I ever expected was that the postman would bring me some letters from William Tecumseh Sherman. I had been waiting for mail. So had my older son. On his behalf, because he had suddenly turned stamp collector, I had written to my mother in Kentucky. At the moment she was in the process of moving from Lexington to Louisville. "Please," I had begged, "do ransack your attic and see if, by any chance, you can find some letters there with old stamps on them. He would love to have them."

My mother, being in that mood to discard always induced by the prospect of moving vans, did go searching in her attic. If she had not done so, I could never have claimed General Sherman as a correspondent. The yield of her expedition was a packet of yellowing letters, some franked, some stamped, addressed to her grandfather, Silas F. Miller. I was as incredulous as my son to discover that one of the letters was from General Grant; that three were from Sherman's Senatorial brother, John, and that eleven—long and detailed ones—were written in the decisive, free-flowing hand of Sherman himself.

In the conflict which can perhaps be identified most unobjectionably as "The War Between the Civil States," ours was a divided family, and Kentucky a divided state. My Confederate forebears, needless to say, would not have been caught dead or alive with a letter from General Sherman. Even now, there are more popular names in the South than his. But my Great-Grandfather Miller, a businessman, was a Republican and strongly pro-Union. Obviously, he felt for Sherman a genuine admiration. Obviously, the two men were friends. The candor of Sherman's letters to him, no less than their length and the subjects touched upon, makes this clear.

Anyone who knows the General's "Memoirs," who has dipped into his "Home Letters" as edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, or read Lloyd Lewis's brilliant and exciting "Sherman: Fighting Prophet," is familiar with the ease, vigor, and frequency with which Sherman expressed himself. These same qualities manifest themselves in his letters to my great-grandfather. Several of them were dashed off "in the field." One, perhaps the most interesting, was written from the headquarters he had established in Atlanta three weeks after he had sent his famous dispatch, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won."

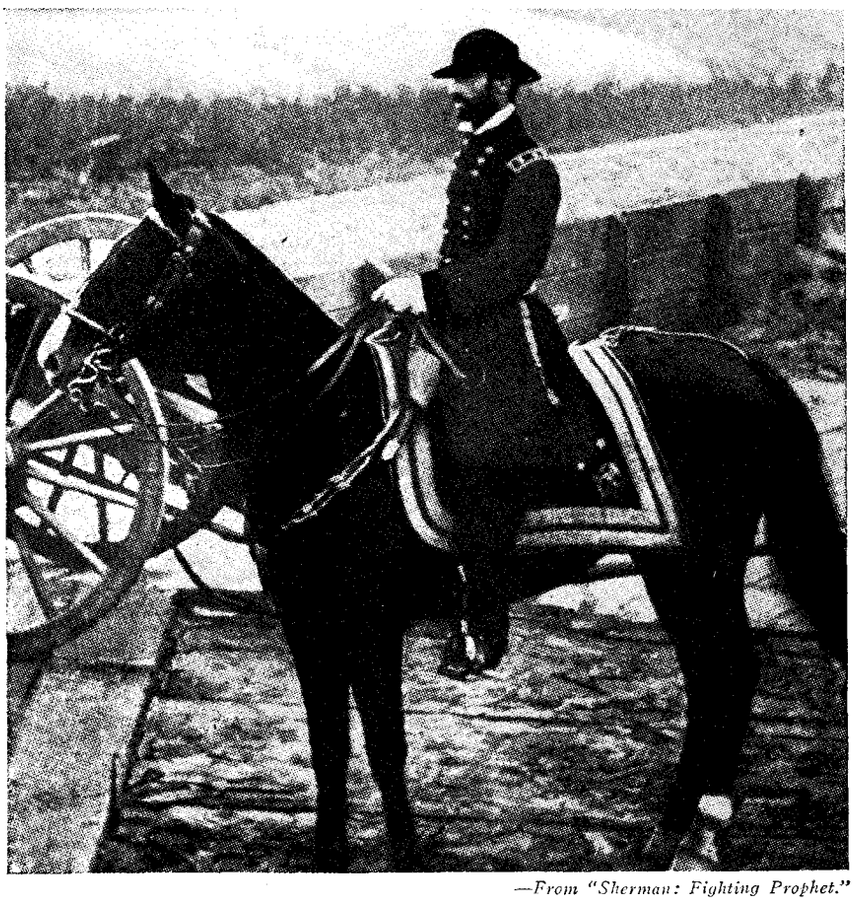
As is to be expected, these letters are filled with the urgency of battle and the heat of political and public issues which were then important. It is incredible, in the midst of so active a life, with such incessant demands upon his energies, that Sherman ever found the time to write at such length in longhand. Although what these letters have to reveal historically is, no doubt, of scant novelty to students of Sherman's career, they may fill in a few gaps. Furthermore, since most of them were written during the eventful spring and summer of '64 when the General was moving slowly from Tennessee to Georgia, and gradually closing in on Atlanta, they do create an image of the man himself and of the events leading up to one of his greatest victories.

One small, not unamusing footnote to history these letters also write. From them we learn not only about Sherman's humor but also some details hitherto undisclosed about his actual entry into Atlanta. My great-grandfather was apparently in the habit of sending the General from time to time such presents as cigars, a keg of whisky, or blankets. The present most prized by General Sherman, however, and about which he writes most amusingly, was a horse he named Duke. It was this "elegant" horse, whose coat shone "like a glove," this "City Gent," who was "particular about his meals," who insisted upon drinking out of a bucket, and who hated the rough outdoor life of war, that General Sherman changed his saddle to three miles out of Atlanta. It was Duke that he was riding when he entered the city as a conqueror. In Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman" there is a photograph of the General surveying Atlanta from a very smart horse. Whether or not this was Duke, I do not know. I only hope so. So does my son. In any case, herewith some of the letters.

Nashville, Tenn., Apl 14, 1864

Dear Miller,

I have been wanting to write you for some time. The Horse is in Elegant order. He has shed his coat and now shines like a glove. I had him led out



—From "Sherman: Fighting Prophet."

General Sherman views Atlanta "from a very smart horse."

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to grass daily, but feared to turn him loose. We have fine oats & hay. These with Grass keep him in perfect health. I have ridden him all round, among drays, piles of goods, in the midst of soldiers, and have no doubt he will stand fire. I expect to put him through the ordeal, and should he survive the war I will deposit him with you as an honorable old soldier, in return for the kindness which prompted you to give him to me.

I have just received your letter introducing Maj. Fifield. I wish you to understand how we are situated—Railroads here to the Tennessee River have been so often broken up and repaired that they are still rickety. Also the cars & locomotives have been collected from so many different Roads of different gauge, that the utmost caution is used, and yet a day hardly passes without a smash or break down. The pressure of Sanitary Commissions, Religious orders, and special Charities was so great that spite of all necessity a large part of the resources of the Roads were absorbed in carrying persons, at the expense of military freight,—men on part rations, horses on none at all, to accommodate the carriage of pious and curiosity seekers. I have stopped all that and shall be more rigid still till my armies are first supplied. I don't want any citizens at all to the front of Nashville, because spite of all promises they will manage to become a dead weight. Therefore if any of your friends complain, tell them that our Road, like your house, is sometimes too full, and however big your heart, the house won't swell in proportion. By cutting off travel, making soldiers & cattle march, I have increased the supply trains from an average of 73 daily to 115, and will not rest till I have 155, which will supply all wants & make a surplus.

Tell Prentice I am astonished that he continues to sound the alarm of "Kentucky invaded"—if you expect a crowd to break into your back door, would you quietly prepare to meet them or prevent them, or would you run about the streets making a hell of a fuss. The parallel is just. It is ridiculous and I will say almost provoking the very thing he fears, to be clamoring about Kentucky invaded—

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Now I know that John Morgan is desperately offended because the Confederate War Dept. don't comply with all he wants. I have dates from Atlanta to Apl 5 inclusive. I have people in today that left Memphis the day I did who have made the whole circuit through the South. I know pretty well the attitude of things and am doing all I can to destroy the ability of the Enemy to invade Kentucky & it may be to exist at all. Would Prentice, a sensible man, have me bring our army to circle round Louisville in no more danger than Philadelphia, or would he have me break up our army into squads that the old women of Kentucky might sleep without dreaming of John Morgan, or would he have me collect the scattered fragments—so as to make an army that will compel Joe Johnston to look out for his own safety as well as that of Augusta, Atlanta and Montgomery. If newspapers would shut up, we could save at least three years of war. I think we have already paid enough in blood & treasure to enable the Press to make money by feeding the alarms of the Poor People. I am sick & tired of it and would like once more to get far down in Dixie where mischievous newspapers could not supply the admirable spy system that we have established in all our camps for the benefit of Mr. Jeff Davis.—Read this to Mr. Prentice but it is purely confidential as between us.

In haste yr friend
W. T. SHERMAN

In the Field Near Marietta, Geo.
June 26, 1864

Dear Miller,

Your two letters of June 15 & 20 are before me. The hat came all safe. It was from a friend in Memphis sent to Louisville by Col. Anthony. I agree with you that all cotton should be assumed to be the property of the U. S. Jeff Davis takes it and therefore we might, but Mr. Chase never would take this view of the case. I have nothing more to do with trade than a stranger. I give simply the necessary orders about the transportation of public stores and Cotton has never been regarded as public unless stamped C.S.A., meaning it was Cotton taken by the Confederate Govt. and stored as security for their Bonds.

I never have meddled with trade & prefer to keep aloof.—Were I to grant permits I would be overrun by applicants and you know enough of our people to see that Yankees and adventurers would be out here with credentials from Mr. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Gov. Johnson, and all the magnates of the Land.—So I either burn cotton, take it for the U. S. or have nothing to do with it.

I have advanced 105 miles from Chattanooga and it requires all my thoughts & energy to find & provide ammunition for this Army over a road that has been and will be constantly broken to my Rear. I have a large, well appointed army to my front that works like beavers, and by felling trees, & making parapets build new works as fast as I dislodge them. I have already captured some 20 miles of finished parapet, but to my front. Right & left are other works that can with difficulty be got around or attacked in front. I will be as patient & persevering as possible & spur my command for some final desperate struggles. Johnston fights entirely behind earthworks, and they are so obscured by bushes & trees that we cannot see them till we receive a sudden and deadly fire. But I think we have thus far accomplished much — The enemy is now far from Tennessee & Kentucky & those states can plant & reap in Peace if they want to. . . . We are in a healthy, well watered country and can stand it as long as the enemy. Wishing you always health & prosperity, I am

Always yr friend,
W. T. SHERMAN
Maj. Genl.

In the Field, Near Atlanta Geo.,
Aug. 13, 1864.

Dear Miller,

. . . I have read your observations concerning matters & things North, and though what you say is painful to contemplate still to me not alarming. Anarchy is one of the steps through which we are doomed to pass before men become tamed to a degree to deserve civilized Govt. In a country where the People Rule, the local prejudice of each spot has its representation. If you have a tooth ache you little heed the pains of the poor fellow in the next room with a broken leg. So the People of New York, feeling high taxes and the little vexations caused by this war, little heed the dangers & trials through which we pass, and go on with their own notions, little dreaming that this whole Land is so united in interest that a disease pervading one part will reach & poison the whole unless it be eradicated & cured. The Copperheads at the North are a voting people, who, simpletons as they are, think that upon their votes enemies will lay down their arms. Why these fellows in Atlanta have a more supreme contempt for the sneaks in Indiana & New York who claim to be the Friends of Peace, than they do for this Army that is pounding away for their destruction. The time is not yet for reaching these fellows, but when the Army begins to make itself felt at the North, and

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tell these sneaks who are trying to control the Policy of the Country in the absence of the Army, that there is no such thing as property without Govt. and that if they don't behave themselves they shall have no vote, they will change their tune, for their money & property will go and they be left mere sojourners in a land they would not fight for in its hour of danger. I believe the draft will be made & enforced—that our armies then having an unfailing supply of recruits to take the places of the dead, wounded & sick, we can go on making swathes through the South that cannot be patched up. I can easily pass round Atlanta now & go on but for the Present prefer not to do it, but when the time comes I will. I want to see the Virginia Army in motion again. Also one from Mobile. It is no use besieging Mobile. An Army can make a circuit round it, cutting all its communications.

Fort Morgan too can be watched by a single ship & cannot be supplied. Its days are numbered. If our armies were promptly reinforced, we are now in position to strike home.

I am sorry to see Bullitt & others in trouble. This is no time for them to breed trouble. They should defer the discussion of abstractions till we have Peace. If you see Bullitt tell him as much for me, that he is intelligent enough to know that at a time like this we should sink our opinions on minor matters and deem the Great End Union—then if any wrongs have been done, any false policy pursued, we can sit down & reason together and Truth will prevail—when a ship is on fire is no time to question the authority or discretion of the Captain. I am determined to move from Kentucky to Foreign parts all disturbing Elements, let the blows fall where they may. Longer forbearance would be criminal.

W. T. SHERMAN
Maj. Genl.

In the Field, Near Atlanta
Aug. 20, 1864.

Dear Miller,

I must insist on your being more reasonable in your presents. People will think I drink & smoke too much if you lavish on me thus such luxuries.

I have the box from Boston & the one from Louisville and if any satisfaction you may know that they are appreciated by the truly loyal people that frequent my Bivouac.—for I have not even a tent. Well we are not in Atlanta yet, but we are mighty close and have been all round it, but Hood lies close. He has sent his cavalry to our Rear, but they did us little harm as yet, and I now have mine on his only Road, that to Macon, so we will see which can stand it best. We repaired his break in two days & have 20 days grub in Camp. I think Kilpatrick will do his work better, and I doubt if Hood has 7 days food in Atlanta.

I had seen Buell's letter. It will do him no good. Although he was at one time senior in Commission to Canby and myself, we graduated at West Point before he did and were above him in the Old Army. Also when I succeeded Grant, Buell's friend Fry wrote to me to ask for Buell. I would ask for nobody but answered that if detailed to me I would give him the very best Command at my disposal.

I think Buell made a fatal mistake. Soldiers have no business in questioning the Laws or policy of a Government. We have large enough powers, and have plenty to do if we mind our own business.

I wrote a long letter a day or two since to Mr. Guthrie about Kentucky matters, and wish you to see it. I really cannot administer its affairs.

It is not really my business, but that 1st of Burbridge, 2nd of Schofield and last the War Dept.—My office is to handle the troops in action, and

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give general instructions. If Ewing's Trade Regulations are too stringent, they will soon lead to modification and gradually the Right plan will be found out. It is very hard to do right in Kentucky. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel to break down the Southern Confederacy and then the Good Sense of our People will make all things right. I think if you satisfy Ewing or Col. Farleigh that Mundy is taking fees by way of Bribe, I think they will stop it, by putting Mundy in the stocks. As a general thing Lawyers are regarded by officers as nearly as bad as Politicians and both worse than horsethieves. Their day of reckoning is now at hand. Now that I have the big Army of the South penned up, the Union Men of Kentucky should clean out their state.

Yr friend,
W. T. SHERMAN

Atlanta Sept. 22, 1864.

Dear Friend,

You have seen enough in all conscience and heard enough also to satisfy you that I made the riffle and got into this Forbidden City, and as I promised you I rode Duke in, that is the horse you gave me. I did so on purpose changing my saddle to him about 3 miles out.

Duke at first did not like this out door life & rough living—was particular about his meals, and city like would not drink water out of the creek or mud holes. The truth was he was a City Gent and looked on this out door life with contempt and was gradually showing the effect. But I have a most excellent fellow who humored him & gave him water in a bucket etc., & kept him along till the horse begin to see that he was duly enlisted for the war and in for it when he began to mend. He is in very fair order *now* and in perfect health and seems to like getting into town again, though he must observe that this is not Louisville.

Telegraph gives good news from Sheridan.—Next will be Grant, and then we must maul the wedge another bit and the log will split in due time. So thinks Old Abe the Rail Splitter. —I've got my wedge pretty deep and must look out that I don't get my fingers pinched.

Audenried goes up with my dispatches and can tell you every thing. I have the place pretty well cleaned out, & regulated. And the People of Georgia see we are in earnest and won't let trifles stop us.—I have forbidden all citizens to come, but as you may have an "irrepressible" desire to come I send you a Pass, and you may explain the exception on the grounds of belonging to the Christian Commission.

Yr friend,
W. T. SHERMAN
Maj. Gen.

* * *

Attics are invaluable places. It is hard to see how those of us who live in New York apartments get along without them. No basement lockers crowded with logs, discarded trunks, broken lamps, abandoned furniture, and unreachable boxes can replace them. To be atticless is to shut out a family past. A dwelling without an attic is like a person with no time for recollections. "It is a frail memory that remembers but present things," wrote Ben Jonson. It is a cheated life that cannot discover unsuspected things in the past. It is a poor house that has room only for the present.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Poem for Helene

By Alex Austin

THE WOMAN was old and had a soft mouth
With thin lips and frozen fingers
And dried breasts.
Only her eyes still lived
And she watched us.
She did not have money for whiskey.
She had sold her shawl on Sunday.
The white flower in her hat was dead
And so she stood there in the doorway
And watched us as we drank
And as I felt your body and your lips
And as you sighed.

And I wanted to love you quickly
And all of you for ever and ever
In only a few hours;
To spend the night without much sleep
Because her eyes were your eyes
And your body was the memory
Of what she had been.

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(*Continued from page 16*)

paedic and remembering eye for detail and a capacity for incessant touches, minute, yet intense.

> His heart pounded and his knees felt weak as if he had just left the deathbed of a man to whom he had been secretly administering minute doses of poison. He should feel exultation and pride. But actually he felt a little silly. What now? He was a clown who had jumped through his last paper hoop with the idea of playing Hamlet. He started walking toward Michigan Avenue and had not gone twenty feet before he was haunted by the measured steps of someone following him.

There is no blank space in this prose; it is full, exact, intensified, it is three-dimensional, you can trust yourself to it. But as with the persons, so with the details—the difficulty is that this heaping up of little exactnesses tires the attention, and the reader, that incorrigibly lazy fellow who has paid his three dollars for a story, silently rebels against an incessant drain upon his alertness. These infinite riches, he feels, ought somehow to be canalized and controlled.

When the sensitive reader looks for a principle of control, he finds that the book is formally divided into seven parts and that these seven parts lie in a circle like parts of a pie, the center of the circle being (theoretically) the inward unhappiness of Adam Snow. Or, to change the metaphor, they are corridors; and no matter which corridor we look down, we are supposed to see Snow at the end of it, we are supposed to realize that, when we have traversed all the corridors, we are to discover (with Snow) in the words of a passage on the dust-jacket, that "his old dream was a myth that failed, that the myth drugged the actual life, and that the actual life will never be a cloud in the sky." The difficulty is that this process of transformation from dream to sky is so beclouded with other people's woes, we fail to look down the corridors—and if I mix my images, the mixture partly illustrates the failure of function in the parts of the book.

That Miss Herbst is a writer of extraordinary power and skill is evident from her career. But this analysis seems to show that she is a victim of the central fallacy in much contemporary "advanced" fiction. That fallacy is the refusal of the story. It is somehow assumed by novelists that pursuing the private fancies of a character or the private fancies (in this case) of many characters is more

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important, is more serious as "art" than is the elementary duty of narrative; that to keep the lines of a plot clean and decisive is to show one's self no better than Walter Scott or Francis Marion Crawford; and that fulness of life is philosophically and esthetically to be preferred to a straight-line story.

There is good argument for this point of view. But are readers merely philistine in buying detective fiction? Is it not time to reconsider all the implications for structure of the stream-of-consciousness method and of those subjective unfoldings of personality which in fiction have developed with it on parallel lines? For the purpose of subjectivism is presumably to present and illuminate character; but it is by no means certain that subjectivism, with its irresponsibility, its commission to wander back and forth in time, its associativeness (so that everything suggests everything else), is that supple instrument it was supposed to be. By and large, narrative and plot in the old-fashioned sense of the terms produced impressive characters from Don Quixote down; and it seems, at any rate, that the contemporary subjective novelist is getting himself into a bog *because he mistakes personality for character.*

Miss Herbst's book illustrates the plight of the subjective novelist. By "subjective novelist" I mean, however clumsily, the novelist who is more concerned with inwardness in human beings than with event. There is no portion of the seven parts of "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" that cannot be justified as writing and as insight. But the total impact of "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" is one of confusion. The spotlight shifts so many times, the illumination falls so sharply upon so many personalities, things, problems, emotions, relations, that the eye dazzles and tires, the mind longs for sparer diet. The rich confusion of the pages becomes by and by a jungle through which the reader must hack his way or retire, giving up his journey. The book has every power except that of narrative. But is not the human instinct for narrative, which drives millions to the movies, to the radio, to popular fiction—is not this something deep-seated and primary, like the force of gravity in architecture? Is not the neglect to fulfil this elementary duty fatal? Are not novelists of first-class intelligence and power doing harm to that noblest of prose forms, the serious novel, by pretending it is not a novel at all but, as Emerson would say, a transparent eyeball? The difficulty of the transparent eyeball concept is that you can see with it, but not through it.

Belles-Lettres.

The essay is almost a lost art. In school, we waded through Bacon and Emerson, and delighted in Lamb, and we were stirred by Macaulay. But the essay is too reflective, too slow, too lacking in edge for these pointed, nervous times. Now and then a few quiet books of essays wander into the SRL *office from England, where Victorian leisureliness still lingers in literature at least, but, generally, fine examples of the art are rare. We welcome therefore "Books and Bipeds," by Vincent Starrett, and some essays by a newcomer to the field called William Shakespeare. We are looking forward also to Arnold Toynbee's coming book, "Civilization on Trial," which is actually a collection of essays on history, and to the posthumous "The Moment and Other Essays," by that other great English writer, Virginia Woolf.*

Bard à la Bacon

ESSAYS OF SHAKESPEARE: An Arrangement. By George Coffin Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 144 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LeGette Blythe

IF IT'S true that there's nothing new under the sun, it must equally be a fact that there's always possible a new approach to everything old.

Even Shakespeare. Yes, for though for 300 years the Bard of Avon has been studied, analyzed, criticized, and quarreled over by countless scholars and shallow-brains, and though his characters individually and collectively have been exhumed, autopsied over, dissected, weighed, measured, and psychoanalyzed, it remained for a University of North Carolina English professor just the other day to astound the Shakespeareans by introducing the famous poet and playwright as a highly proficient member of an entirely different writing profession.

Most of them, doubtless, had never suspected it of their hero. Though I'm no Shakespearean, I've studied and had to take elaborate notes on everything he wrote, and I've been in the low-ceilinged room in which he was born, sat on the back steps of Ann Hathaway's cottage where he is reputed to have done his courting, and stood above his grave in the little church at Stratford-on-Avon. But I had never thought of the great Elizabethan as as essayist.

Dr. Taylor, in his "Essays of Shakespeare," has interestingly developed a project he has long had in mind of grouping Shakespeare's ideas, as uttered by his many and varying characters or in his poems, into a series of essays that could easily have been written as such. It is amazing how these lines and verses, picked from the whole range of the bard's writings, line up one after the other to form an essay of remarkable unity and clarity. It's a new kind of mosaic, but the small bits form into amusing, interesting, and meaningful patterns.

The subjects given the essays by Dr. Taylor read very much like Bacon's or others of his day, and one of the scholars who saw advance galleys of the book commented that "although Bacon could never have written Shakespeare, it is pleasant to know that Shakespeare might have written Bacon's essays."

There are more than fifty of the essays, with an introduction and a key in the back of the book showing from which play or poem each mosaic bit was taken. The reader who delights in Shakespeare and fancies himself an expert in spotting quotations from the bard can quickly check his knowledge with the aid of this key. And he'll get much amusement doing it. The essays are on such subjects as truth, time, love, lust, marriage and single life, sleep, fortune, ambition, drinking, virtue of laughter, mental pain, life, death, suicide, riches, beauty, honor, music, mobs, politics and politicians, peace, war, nature, a perfect man, a perfect woman, virginity, a horse, England—and many others.

And it's remarkable how modern his essays are, too, as modern as are his plays. They have the same virtue of timelessness. For instance, think of Mr. Vishinsky's ravings before the council of the United Nations and then read "A Big Talker." Or even better, have a look at the short, fat sister wearing one of those too-awful-length new skirts and then turn to page 86 and read "On the Force of Custom": "New customs, though they be never so ridiculous . . . yet are followed . . . for use almost can change the stamp of nature . . ."

Who says the bard of Avon wasn't a poet, dramatist—and essayist, yes, and profound philosopher!

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Comment and Curiosa

BOOKS AND BIPEDS. By Vincent Starrett. New York: Argus Books, Inc. 1947. 268 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS entitled a collection of his essays "Literature and Life" because, he said, substantially he couldn't see any difference between them. Mr. Starrett obviously calls the present collection "Books and Bipeds" for much the same reason. The collection, in his own words, is "a desultory miscellany, a volume of comment and curiosa rather than criticism, with only one purpose—to make books alive and interesting. I have written about the things that interest *me* in the hope that they would interest others." Most of the units appeared in Mr. Starrett's column in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*. Column material rarely merits preservation in more substantial form. These salty, urbane, informative, shrewd, pungent, witty, thoroughly readable paragraphs do.

Some of them are just that, paragraphs—the shortest contains twenty-six words. The longest bits are sometimes made up of enough paragraphs to form essays of never more than a thousand words or so. To take odds and ends of these dimensions and put them into a book is no trouble at all; to expect the book to interest and to entertain is another matter. But the feat is accomplished here. If you open "Books and Bipeds" anywhere, you will keep right on and then go back to the beginning—assuming, of course, you have any slightest interest in books, the people in them, the people who write them, or any people at all.

Mr. Starrett's own favorites among books and people naturally tend to filter out in this compilation based on four years (from 1942 to 1945) of Sunday columns. If you were lucky enough to be invited to an evening *chez* Starrett, you would find there Sherlock Holmes, Dashiell Hammett, Napoleon Bonaparte, W. M. Thackeray (height six feet four inches), Alexander Pope (height four feet six inches), Charles Dickens, Lizzie Borden, Alexander Woollcott, Baron Munchhausen, Emily Dickinson, Winston Churchill, Cinderella, G. B. Shaw, Long John Silver, J. P. Morgan, Frances Trollope, Abraham Lincoln, Christopher Morley, Samuel Pepys, Mary Shelley, and a couple of hundred others. One could go farther without faring better—or even wanting to.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

PRIZE FIGHTERS IN FICTION

All of the characters in this week's quiz were professional fighters. Allow yourself five points for each story you can identify, five for its author, and a bonus of five if you can also name the fighter. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 34.

1. This battered-up boxer tutored a rich young gentleman three times a week in the peaceful art of self defense.
2. The $25 that this worn-out pugilist was to receive for putting up a good fight was confiscated by the promoter when he was knocked out in the third round and died of a cerebral hemorrhage.
3. This fighter had $50,000 bet on his opponent to win, so when he was fouled he had to take it rather than win the decision.
4. This man was a thorough heel but the papers wouldn't print anything adverse about him because he was a champion.
5. A talented violinist, this young man turned to the fight game in order to make money, broke both hands, killed his final opponent, and then killed himself in an auto accident.
6. Through a newspaperman's mistake, this mild and inoffensive milkman was launched on a career that made him middleweight champion.
7. This lightweight was bred for battle, his father having been a fighting Irishman and his mother having once licked four Newark cops.
8. After learning that all his previous victories had been prearranged by his manager, this Argentinian giant went berserk and killed his next opponent.
9. When a champion is shot during a fight, the spirit of this "dead" prize fighter is transposed into his body by a Mr. Jordan, an expert in such matters.
10. A most aristocratic young lady marries this middleweight champ in order to breed children that would have his physique and her brain power, but the results are surprising.

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NOTES FROM INSIDE A GLASS HOUSE

(*Continued from page* 11)

quite graphically by their very inadequacy that, contrary to the belief of many literary persons, there is not anywhere in this country a body of valuable and interesting writing which has not found publication for itself somewhere.

What wouldn't editors give if, for instance, the poet Stephen Vincent Benét were alive today to continue to write his stirring magazine stories for them? Writers such as Alan Seager, Gladys Schmitt, or Wallace Stegner —to take at random the names of three respected contemporaries— would, I am sure, admit that editors are constantly importuning them for more fiction than they are able to produce. Even Glenway Westcott (and what more literary writer in the classic tradition do we have today?) had his novel "An Apartment in Athens" serialized in *McCall's.*

As for social and moral comment, dozens of examples come to mind at once to disprove Anonymous's charge that magazine editors fail "to understand that in a world standing on the brink of annihilation people must be encouraged to think even if it hurts a little." "Gentleman's Agreement" was serialized in *Cosmopolitan,* "Earth and High Heaven" in *Collier's.* The *Post* last November ran an excellent serial depicting the struggles of a Methodist clergyman in his effort to pit a literally-practised Christian faith against the forces of reaction and greed in an upstate New York City as represented by a wealthy landowner opposed to modern housing for the poor and a corrupt businessman greedy for power. Not long ago *The Woman's Home Companion* featured a story which contrasted effectively the social humiliation visited on a Negro by the same community which hailed him as an athletic hero. During the war when serious people were troubled by laxity of morals in the young, *Collier's* ran a serial story, daring even for these times, in which the heroine, a "nice" girl, gave birth to an illegitimate child and in which some sincere attempt was made to find a solution for the problem of the unwed mother. The only reason "Kingsblood Royal" wasn't serialized in a magazine prior to publication as a book is that Sinclair Lewis decided not to let his agent show it for sale to magazine editors. This year the Bureau for Intercultural Education gave three of its awards to Crowell-Collier for publishing fiction which contributed to the betterment of Negro-white relationships—first and third prizes to stories appearing in *Collier's,* second prize to one in *American Magazine.*

Collier's also ran a serial not many months ago which depicted the machinations of a vicious magazine publisher to use his combine of periodicals to thwart justice and seduce the public into granting him great political powers. Of course, Anon may feel that the fact that this villain was brought to book in the end is untrue to reality, but he must also agree that there are, and have always been, certain literary conventions. The happy ending is not, as he seems to think, a product of today's magazine. After all, the Cinderella legend (and there's a "formula" story for you, perhaps the very first one!) is probably as old as history.

Whether Anonymous likes it or not, the average American is by nature incurably optimistic, and it is natural that he should want his entertainment reading to verify his philosophy. Here, incidentally, is an answer for Anonymous when he marvels that "the slicks will risk offending people in articles while refusing to do so in fiction." Naturally the reader looks to the articles for information and enlightenment which in his fiction are only secondary considerations—and rightly so.

And when Anonymous complains about formula stories presenting as a "young lady's sole mission in life" the pursuit and the ensnarement of the male, it does seem he is being not a little naïve. After all, most young women (not to mention their mothers) *are* preoccupied with the business of getting married—and of marrying advantageously. And there's nothing particularly American about it either; it's a problem pretty basic to all civilizations, I'd say, and I do think our anonymous friend must have led a very cloistered existence indeed not to have found this out. Since a high percentage of magazine readers are women, it is hardly surprising that a majority of the stories should deal with love and marriage.

It is unfortunate that in our world the finest expressions of the artistic spirit do not reap the greatest financial reward. This has always been so; it is by no means a manifestation of our own crass and bewildered age. The poet and the artist through the ages have most often had to find themselves patrons or sponsors in order to live and create their works. It is not surprising, however much we deprecate it, that the man today who writes for a small discerning audience must be satisfied with rewards other than monetary. It is perhaps unfair that the man who writes easily for the many should receive for his product sometimes as much as hundreds of times the amount that goes to him who writes painstakingly for the few. But doesn't the latter have his own satisfactions in the accomplishment of his purpose? And isn't it reasonable that a product that sells the most widely should make the most money, even though it be of inferior quality? It is actually not at all the editor who sets the valuation on the material but the demands of the magazine market, which in turn reflects our commercial society.

Being a part of this society, as Margaret Halsey effectively pointed out [*SRL* Oct. 18], such writers as Anon, however much they seem to scorn monetary success, do measure success in terms of cash and sales, and therefore they envy, much as they appear to despise, the writer who has a success in the popular market. If this were not true of them, they wouldn't care! And to maintain their self-esteem, it is frequently necessary for them to appoint themselves custodians of the sacred flame of Pure Art. The literary snob, unfortunately, is always with us.

Yet everyone does, in the final analysis, write for money. Show me the creative artist so pure that he repudiates his royalties, or gives to the world his highly valued work for nothing. Doctor Johnson wrote "Rasselas" to make some quick money; otherwise that masterpiece might not have been written at all. And today the work of our most literary creative artists goes to the highest bidder. Some months ago the magazine world was entertained by the spectacle of some six or eight respected literary writers whose work appears only in the best periodicals making haste to leave their former agents to

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The Game Chicken, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens. 2. Kid Tucker, in "Twenty-five Bucks," by James T. Farrell. 3. Jack Brennan, in "Fifty Grand," by Ernest Hemingway. 4. Midge Kelley, in "The Champion," by Ring Lardner. 5. Joe Bonaparte, in "Golden Boy," by Clifford Odets. 6. Burleigh Sullivan, in "The Milky Way," by Lynn Root and Harry Clork. 7. Tearing Terry Mulrooney, in "Bred for Battle," by Damon Runyon. 8. El Toro Molina, in "The Harder They Fall," by Budd Schulberg. 9. Joe Pendleton, in "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. 10. Cashel Byron, in "Cashel Byron's Profession," by George Bernard Shaw.

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put themselves under the management of a more recently successful agent, who has quickly built up a reputation of being able to get higher prices for clients than other agents have been able to do. And you can't blame them. But why deceive ourselves about the motives for their change?

IF ANONYMOUS has contaminated himself by writing for the slicks, as he says, and by so doing has really lost the ability to write serious fiction, I should be inclined to wonder if the fault were not somehow in his own character. To write simply and interestingly without condescension and falseness on a popular subject (and Shakespeare and not a few other literary types have managed to write simply and movingly and *popularly* on such a common subject as, let us say, love!) should injure no one's creative ability or impair no one's artistic judgment. Let Anonymous look into his own heart and reexamine his motives and then let him make a reevaluation of the popular-magazine market in relation to the world in which we live.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BRANDY FOR A HERO *William O'Farrell* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Peaceable - 'til - pushed scientist flung into murderous jams by vindictive "identical" cousin, who ultimately discovers that even Brooklyn worm will turn.	Harassed hero tangles with cousin's myrmidons, male and female, through numerous exciting scenes to gory but slightly Sunday-schoolish conclusion.	Pretty good
EXPLOSION *Dorothy Cameron Disney* (Random House: $2.50)	Discovery of wealthy woman's body in ruins of Washington, D.C. house seriously implicates kin. Sadistic sleuth and perceptive Dr. solve it.	Several interesting characters; solution that is in doubt until closing chapter; effective emoting and detecting of superior grade.	Good
HANGING JUDGE *Bruce Hamilton* (Harpers: $2.50)	Super-stern English jurist, who leads double life, convicted for poisoning man with strange history. Wheels of justice and revenge keep grinding.	Contains some admirable trial-scenes, considerable satirical humor, and winds up with flourish that leaves reader slightly pop-eyed.	Very good
MURDER: PLAIN AND FANCIFUL *Editor, James Sandoe* (Sheridan House: $3.50)	Twenty-eight true and fictional accounts of crime in America and England by various famous writers—including Henry David Thoreau.	Intelligent and interesting collection, notable for large amount of good, previously uncollected material and editor's erudite terminal notes.	For aficionados
WAYWARD ANGEL *Verne Clute* (Knopf: $2.50)	Young law student, dodging San Francisco cops, corrals Beverly Hills missing-heiress case and caroms off four corpses to lucrative finish.	Semi-pro private 'tec and professional rival mix matters murderously, with several uninhibited dames adding pungency to eventful if confused proceedings.	Rough and tumblesome
DEAD LEVEL *Russell Gordon* (Morrow: $2.50)	Movie script-writer, owner of moribund 'tec agency, probes Hollywood traffic in feelthy movies and pronto meets up with murder.	Violent ventilating of various lurid and unsavory movietown rackets and their manipulators, with plenty of slugging, shooting, snuggling, and surprises.	Wild
FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS *Philip Clark* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Statesman's Carolina estate scene of two murders attributed to owner's war-missing son. Ex M. I. officer makes some startling discoveries.	Aftermath of quisling's and traitor's misdeeds motivates well-planned and neatly worked-out tale with convincing characters and surprising climactic twist.	Good grade
FOUR STEPS TO THE WALL *Jon Edgar Webb* (Dial Press: $3)	Prison experiences and flashbacks during day in lifer's term on which his case goes to parole board.	Bitter, penetrating, and entirely absorbing novel of prison life, written with much power and from first-hand knowledge.	Impressive

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SKIN DEEP

I SHALL be frank . . . in no way compromise
The truth to hold you longer by a day:
Perhaps I love you, friend, but in no wise
For self alone, but rather for the way
You smile at secret thoughts: my woman's mind
Is curious of memories you keep;
Your slender hands and gestures are designed
To rob me nightly of a dreamless sleep.
Were you not tall, my heart would be my own:
Were you not fair, I could forget the rest;
Your poppy-colored words have never sown
The pollen of remembrance in my breast.
Your absent person seems, despite my prayer,
A plume of breath upon the winter air.

MARILOU S. LODER.

* * *

The following is from Paul Nord, of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation:

> Re "Eidillion" — in "Footprints That Perhaps Another" [*SRL* Feb. 7] —will you please inform Earle Walbridge that eidyllion (the correct spelling being "eidyllion") is a Greek word—the same as idyllium in Latin, in English idyl. It is the diminutive of Eidos, meaning form, image. So, eidyllion is a little image. The word also is used to depict a descriptive poem, a short pastoral scene, a rustic episode—or one forming a suitable subject for an idyllic poem, presenting a pastoral scene. The most prominent Greek writers of that sort of thing have been Theocritos, Bion, and Moschos. In modern Greek, eidyllion is a love-affair in its earlier stage, before formal engagement and marriage. Also, in modern Greek theatre, we had a kind of musical shows that we used to call "comeidyllia," mostly light comedies with love interest as their main theme. Best exponents of this form of plays are the modern Greek writers Kokkos and Coromilas.

* * *

PERFUMES

After reading Advertisements in The New Yorker

DARK BRILLIANCE,
Come, Be My SIN,
My MADRIGAL, My RHAPSODIE,
My ARPEGE.
Ah, Voice of a SKYLARK,
That drives me to FRENZY,
In POSSESSION lies DANGER.
Dear MENACE, SURRENDER
To one MOMENT SUPREME.
I offer WOOD VIOLET, PURPLE LILAC,
And would pilfer one CROWN JEWEL
For an HEURE INTIME
With WHITE SHOULDERS
In MIST OF DAWN.
Flee SCANDAL—Flee RUMEUR.
FABULOUS WHITE FLAME,
I whirl in a TAILSPIN of INTOXICATION.
AH—TAGLIO, AH JOY, MY CREDO,
Be INDISCRETE.
Seek NEW HORIZONS at CHANEL NUMBER FIVE.
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TOUJOURS MOI
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* * *

A GASTRONOMICAL REFLECTION

It seems incredible
That frogs are edible,
For who'd eat toad
Served à la mode?

DOROTHY LAMB.

ANSWER

A toad *is* one of the batrachia.
But eat not! None can ever make yeh!

EDITOR.

I should have bought it at once, even if this copy did originally come from the Jesup Memorial Library of Bar Harbor. Or that, indeed, might have been taken as an additional attraction, since I now know all the Rules that once applied to that library, as they are printed in the front

of the book! But the blue and gold cover, and the "Memoir by Edith Sichel," and the sepia portrait of the lady at the age of twenty-two, attracted sufficiently, and the knowledge that at home was a damaged copy of one of 450 of "Fancy's Following," printed, nevertheless, on Kelmscott handmade paper for Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me., four years after its original appearance in England. Yet I left "Anodos" on the counter—that is, the "Gathered Leaves from the Prose"—and only lately have retrieved it for half the price demanded then, at a fifty per cent off sale!

Even an unfinished story by Mary Coleridge is worth reading, and her essay on "The Duchess of Malfi" most certainly! But after devouring Miss Sichel's memoir of her, I found a tour in the back of the book, among passages from letters and diaries, and her notes on the talk of William Cory when he gave free lessons in the classics at Hampstead to her and other young woman acquaintances, the most rewarding.

Mary Coleridge died the year I left college, and she had not lived forty-six full years. Of all the writing Coleridges, save the younger brother of her father's grandfather, she was the one of genius, "all poet," it is said, "and three-quarters saint . . . she was merry without injury to her holiness." How is she pictured? "She was never of any age . . . an ardent partisan . . . The wind lashed her, the sunset calmed her, the snow excited her, to the hills she looked for help . . . a certain weird quality of her imagination . . . the fair hair, the small head, the long swaying figure, which stooped rather forwards when she moved, or when she talked with self-forgetfulness. She looked very much like one of the women in Blake's pictures . . . blue eyes with gleams of grey, rather observant than dreamy. Her dreaminess was expressed more by her mouth, but that too was very mobile. . . ."

There are five of her poems in "The Oxford Book," one, "Unwelcome," having that peculiar *frissonnement* her best work can induce. But out of "Fancy's Following," the root manuscript of which Robert Bridges had picked up in the house of a relative also Mary Coleridge's friend, one can mention "To Memory," "I have forged me in sevenfold heats—," "At First," "'Over the Hills and Far Away'" (so grimly different from the light-hearted quotation!), "Master and Guest," "Mortal Combat," "Go," "At Dead of Night," "The Witch," "A Huguenot," if not more. Her "white magic" is undeniable. But how best illustrate the relish of her fugitive prose? She

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did not care for her distant kinswoman Sara any more than she did for Mary Shelley, because "they are both so Englishwomanly." Yet she admitted imagination in both, and that, "I love Phantasmion, I dare say I should love Frankenstein." Of herself she said, "I go to bed as feminine as Ophelia, fiery, enthusiastic, ready to go to the stake for some righteous cause. I get up the very next morning, almost as masculine as Falstaff, grumbling at Family Prayers." "Roman remains depress me." However, "A Roman hairpin is something. It helps one just a little towards a lady." "There is a delightful freemasonry in a fog." "Ibsen's delicate way of unfolding character seems to me wonderful, and a man that thoroughly understands a woman was a very great man indeed." "When we were out this afternoon, we saw the larks descending to the ground, almost without a flutter of their wings, as if they flew upon their singing." "Woman with a big W bores me supremely . . . She has done her best to spoil history, poetry, novels, essays, and Sir Thomas Browne and Thoreau are the only things safe from her: that's why I love them." "I've been rereading 'The Tempest,' which reminded me of some words by Bell Scott (the only words I ever saw in a book that recalled my own childhood to me) to the effect that childhood is not an earthly Paradise, but an enchanted island, full of strange noises and haunted by a Caliban." "I am with you. I am with you. I am with you about 'Clarissa Harlowe.' It is one of the most wonderful of novels —thoroughly unhealthy, don't you think?" "I'm 'a Dumasser of the first class' . . . He bought a vulture and towed it along by a rope, and called it Jugurtha. Afterwards it took to a tub, and then it was called Diogenes. When I get to heaven (perhaps *if* might be a more suitable beginning) Dumas is the first person I shall ask for. And I shall ask him to bring all his five hundred children." "I suppose poets do not know what they are made of, they're made of such very funny stuff." "Did anybody ever understand English elms and English rivers—slow, sleepy things—as De Wint did?" "The cold, moony glitter of steel everywhere fills one with dreams." "The tortoise has all C's heart. She rubs his shell with globe-polish. He seems to me to be such a very curious result of a diet of flowers. He eats nothing excepting an occasional buttercup, yet there he is, the prosiest animal you can conceive. It is as if a city man were to read nothing but Yeats and Austin Dobson, and yet remain a city man."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

TIME FOR FANTASY

(*Continued from page 20*)

Superman, space-ships, death-rays, and all the rest of the weird marvels from the "comics" and the radio. These young readers could not be surprised by anything—a flight to Venus, or battles with intelligent monsters on Neptune; they knew the interstellar man-rocket from stem to stern, and the curving anatomy of the winged Amazonians who flew from Venus to rescue the hero on Saturn attacked by gigantic worms or crabs was not unknown to them. The villain whose plot to destroy the world by a super-atomic bomb is foiled by Dick Rogers's death-ray might have frightened them once; they had become so used to him and to other evil men and lovely, deadly sirens, that nothing in human shape could worry them.

Scientific fiction could not remain in this frozen state. Better writers have developed, while a few noted scientists turned from their abstruse calculations occasionally to take a hand at upsetting all preconceived notions of the laws that were supposed to govern nature and man.

There are now five new publishers devoted entirely to producing books of fantasy, bound in cloth covers, and often decorated with somewhat crude but well-meaning illustrations. For the curious they are Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis.; Fantasy Press, Reading, Pa.; Prime Press, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hadley Publishing Co., Providence, R. I., and Fantasy Publishing Co., Los Angeles. All of them publish from ten to twenty books a year and usually sell every copy they publish. Other publishers may be discovered through the thirty or forty mimeographed "magazines" produced locally for a thousand or more readers; there are bookstores specializing in fantasy, and shoestring producers by the dozens. This strange manifestation of human ingenuity and prescience has developed almost overnight. It is significant and worth studying, though how many readers who are not now addicts can find these novels and collections of stories absorbing remains to be seen. This new fiction in which scientific detail, and not the human being, is the object in view, has not made the world in which we live less fantastic, less fearsome, to the thinking man; it has only given us a shield against the shock from whatever fate has in store for man. In its more familiar forms, written by gifted and imaginative writers, fantasy can enchant and bring other fields of thought into the range of the novel and the story.

H. S.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 727

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

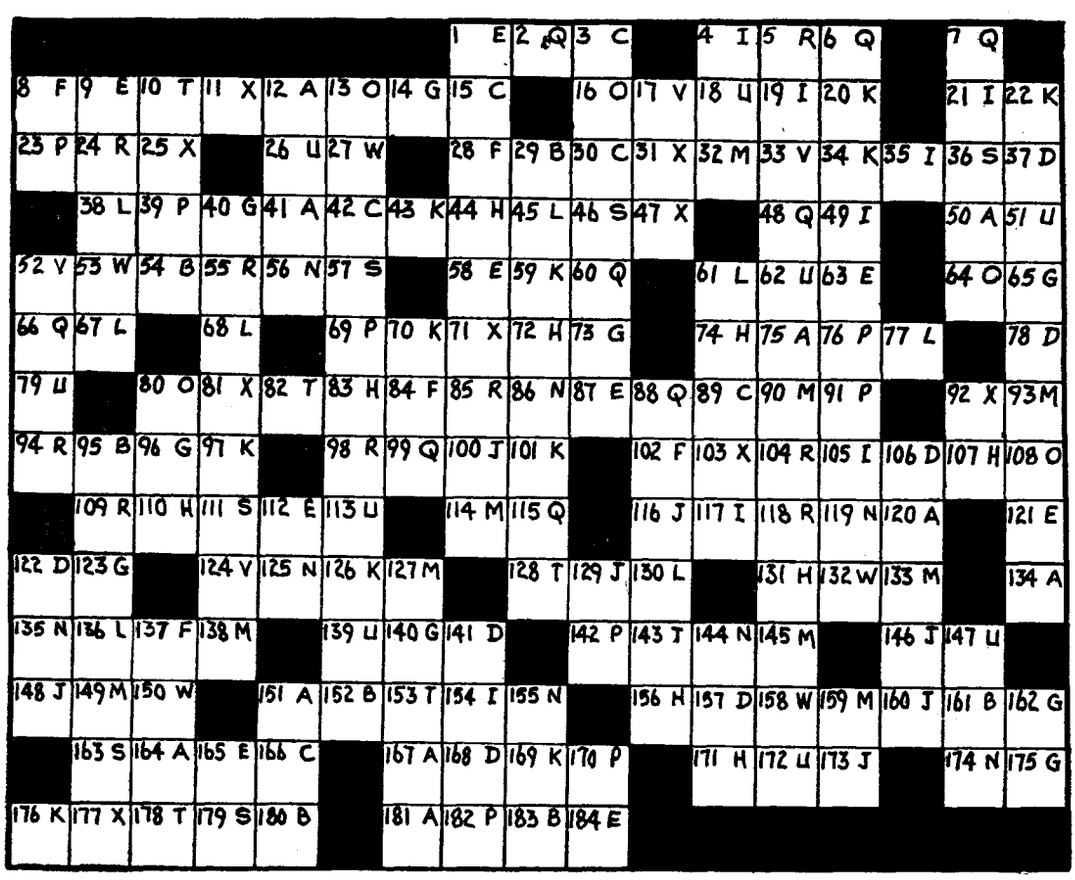
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A young gull (2 wds.).	181 164 151 120 75 41 50 12 134 167
B. A fraction of a command considered as to its depth (mil.).	183 29 95 54 180 152 161
C. Propped; supported (chiefly Scottish).	15 42 89 30 3 166
D. Name for any young rustic swain (from Theocritus and Vergil).	106 78 168 37 141 157 122
E. Great ash tree, symbol of the universe (Norse myth.).	184 58 87 63 112 121 1 9 165
F. A word Ruskin used in a title about architecture.	84 28 137 102 8
G. To set upon (4 wds.).	65 73 175 140 123 14 40 96 162
H. In medieval armor, covering for the hips and thighs.	74 72 171 156 110 83 44 131 107
I. Benevolent rescuer of Oliver Twist (Dickens).	35 105 117 21 19 154 49 4
J. German physical chemist and philosopher (1853-1932; Nobel prize, 1909).	146 173 148 116 100 129 160
K. Civil War battle, Nov. '63, Grant victory over Bragg.	43 70 34 101 176 126 97 22 169 20 59

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. A principal desert of the world, in So. Africa between the Orange and Zambesi rivers.	77 68 130 38 67 61 136 45
M. Suppression of sounds from a word; as, "We'n'sday" for "Wednesday."	133 90 127 149 159 93 32 145 114 138
N. In a decline.	155 135 144 174 125 86 56 119
O. Simple descriptions, in poetry or prose, of rustic life, pastoral scenes, etc.	80 108 16 13 64
P. Impedes progress, activity, freedom.	39 182 76 23 170 91 142 69
Q. A mystic or quietist in the Eastern Church, 14th century.	2 88 6 60 66 99 7 48 115
R. One of the chief Valkyries ("The Ring").	109 24 85 98 55 5 118 94 104
S. Composer of the opera "La Juive."	163 179 36 111 46 57
T. Unmitigated; out-and-out.	143 178 153 128 10 82
U. A clog almanac (2 wds.).	51 18 62 113 26 172 139 79 147
V. To carouse; to go on a spree (U.S.).	124 17 52 33
W. An elf or goblin.	27 158 53 132 150
X. Second largest island in the world (omitting the continent Australia).	25 31 92 11 177 103 81 47 71

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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Saturday Review
OF RECORDINGS
for MARCH, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

TWO LETTERS to the editor are interesting enough to merit display herein, for the contents are of specific interest to the record-buying readers of RECORDINGS.

One, from Tyler Turner of Columbia Records, states simply, but with a phrasing many readers will welcome:

> You will be glad to know that your campaign for restoration of the Madeleine Gray records in the catalogue has borne fruit and that we will reinstate them shortly.

Since it was the willing demonstration of interest by the numerous readers which achieved the results, rather than any eloquence mustered by the editor, he thanks the many whose letters have already been printed, and the writers of those which have arrived since.

The other, from James W. Murray, vice president of RCA record division, bears on the Toscanini survey initiated last month. Considerable response is already at hand, with a predominance of enthusiasm for issuing the broadcast versions even with imperfections, and some resistance to the prospect of a higher cost. In reference thereto, the letter of Mr. Murray is illuminating:

> First and foremost is artistic and technical quality. As regards the former, the sole arbiter is Maestro Toscanini himself. . . . Should the air checks meet Toscanini's standards of artistic excellence, it would remain for our engineers to determine whether the dubbing . . . would not involve the lowering of technical standards to the point where the public might not find them acceptable.
>
> Secondly, there is the question of union approval. . . . Should the union fix a rate that is prohibitive as regards payments to musicians, we would be forced to abandon consideration of the project on these grounds alone.
>
> Finally, there is the question of public demand for what would probably be a rather expensive series of albums. . . . While this company has frequently invested large sums of money in the recording of repertoire that has had a limited sale, the costs involved in this venture are so extraordinary that some assurance would be required that the initial investment could be partially offset within a reasonable period before it could be undertaken.

Mr. Murray indicated an interest in the poll initiated last month by RECORDINGS, and an analysis is being prepared for forwarding to him. Since the project is one that should be of interest to a large segment of the record-buying public, RECORDINGS is anxious to have as large and repretative a sampling of opinion as can be acquired. Consequently, the coupon is reprinted in this issue on page 55.

A final suggestion occurs: If the hazards involved seem too considerable for general release, that Victor consider a subscription series idea, such as brought the Hugo Wolf Society into existence.

IRVING KOLODIN, EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

"The Medium" in Four Mediums

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI

RECENTLY my opera "The Medium," presented on Broadway last season, was broadcast over two radio networks. It was recorded by Columbia and is released in its entirety this month. It is now about to be filmed. All these transformations have given me pause for thought, and strengthened my belief that it is important, in presenting a dramatic work on radio or records, to be scrupulous in preserving the original quality of the work, with as little change as possible.

We should be horrified if a Cezanne landscape were to be blown up and made to serve as a backdrop in a theatre. We would be equally distressed if Titian's opulent courtesans were thinned down in order to make them into more palatable, modern glamor girls. Fortunately, this is improbable, for in the world of painting there is still some respect left for the original conception of the artist. There is little respect for this conception left, however, in the world of music, and even less in the theatrical world, where it is almost impossible to find an original drama (especially among the classics) that has not been tampered with.

Let us take as an example the case of Strindberg's "Dance of Death," recently produced on Broadway and "adapted" for contemporary audiences. Disfigured beyond recognition by the new authors, this awkward but magnificent play was thoroughly roasted by every critic in town. Strindberg was blamed for an out-of-date drama and the actors and "adaptors" responsible for the butchery were looked upon with compassionate eyes for having to work with such poor material. Adaptation in this case, as in Gorki's "Lower Depths" and in countless other instances, meant nothing else but a leveling of material into what Broadway considers a success fomula. This does not take into account (if we still consider the drama as a work of art) that the work of an artist may be moving because

Gian-Carlo Menotti: "I would be distressed if 'The Medium' were to be filmed or rewritten by anyone else."

of its very imperfections and excesses, as well as because of its conventional virtues; that very often even in these imperfections and excesses are revealed his unique scheme and vision, and that in editing these passages one is apt to destroy his personality and meaning. Who would want Proust shortened or Henry James *Reader-Digest*-ed?

But whichever way we turn in the modern theatre we see some kind of assassination. Novels are made into plays, plays are made into movies, movies are made into radio scripts. Ten years later the whole thing is revived as a musical comedy. On Broadway we even see plays adapted into new plays, as in the case of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" rewritten for Bobby Clark.

It is time that we realized that the choice of medium in the creation of a work of art is itself inseparable from the texture and conception of the work. The popular belief that a real artist has first of all an idea and then ponders whether to make it into a novel, a movie, or a radio script is just plain silly. For this reason, I ask that we respect the original medium which the artist has chosen.

Of course, we must not only blame Broadway producers for distortions of originals. If the idea of making "Crime and Punishment" into a play is quite monstrous, it is equally startling to hear that even a great writer like André Gide has succumbed to the fashion of adaptations and made of Kafka's "The Trial" (whose fascination is actually based upon its revolutionary use of the novel) a play which could never hope to approximate the strength of the original form. By that I do not mean that the dramatic versions of "Crime and Punishment" and "The Trial" are bad plays, but they are simply uncalled for, and useless works of art.

Then we come to the question: should works originally conceived for the stage ever be recorded or broadcast or filmed? Certainly I would not be so niggardly as to deny the exciting possibilities of such a transference properly conceived. I believe that it is possible to adapt a play or opera into another medium as long as it is done with the help and approval of the author. Some of us may find it shocking to see a delightful comedy like "Liliom" made into a musical show. But after all, Mr. Molnar liked the idea and assisted in putting it into its new form. Similarly, I believe that a great play can be made into a good film, as in the case of Shakespeare's "Henry V," where the presentation was done with such love and respect for the original that its greatness was not diminished by the pictorial approach. In this latter case, the "desecration" is equivalent to playing the harpsichord sonatas of Scarlatti on a piano, to which only the most severe purist would object.

I WAS confronted by this artistic dilemma in "The Medium," as it progressed from the stage to the air to record studio and, so on, to films. In the case of the broadcast and the re-

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In adapting "The Medium" to radio the Columbia Broadcasting System "disregarded all suggestions for 'improving' the script."

cording, my attitude has been an adamant one, and I believe it has also interpreted the desire of the public at large. I insisted that the works be done without cuts as originally written; and that they be presented as they stood without adaptation to the new form. Usually, in recording practice, this approach is happily maintained. Except for a rare case in symphonic music in which tempi are slightly hurried in order to make proper breaks and fit the music to the required number of sides, the recording companies have usually tried to adhere strictly to the original composition. In the present Columbia album, both "The Medium" and "The Telephone" are presented in their entirety except for a few measures that I have myself eliminated for this version.

(This is, I might add, the first time that a contemporary opera has been completely recorded and I hope it won't be the last.) I feel that the recording is an accurate documentation of the musical material of my opera and I am glad that the dramatic action is left safely to the imagination of the listener. In "The Medium," for example, it was very fortunate that no attempt was made to convey the presence of the deaf mute (who is however one of the principal characters in the drama) with devices uncalled for in the original score.

In the case of broadcasts, although the problem should be approximately the same as that of recording, the above approach is difficult to obtain. Program directors of radio companies cannot accept the fact that the public might very well prefer to hear a work in its original form; they feel that they must dramatize it with the same old clichés which are used in broadcasts of radio shows. Is a play or an opera any less a work of art than a symphony? Would we put Beethoven or even the lengthy Bruckner or Mahler in capsule forms? Until such time as serious artists are commissioned by radio as well as film companies to write works particularly for these mediums, they should maintain a purely documentary approach to any foreign material. It is fortunate that there has been no tampering with the opera on the Metropolitan opera broadcasts. Had there been, who knows what radio "sound effects" they might have added to an opera like "Die Walküre"? There is no earthly excuse for the mangled version of "Faust" as I heard it given a few weeks ago by the Chicago Theatre of the Air. Nor do I understand why the Theatre Guild permits such a complex three-act play as "The Doll's House" to be condensed into a one-hour script which in my opinion brings it down to the level of soap opera. (The British Broadcasting Company, by the way, was able to broadcast the whole of Shaw's "Man and Superman.") If they have only one hour of time, why not commission playwrights to write one-act plays fitted to this time schedule or why not present only one act at a time of a great play? In a musical broadcast, it often happens that a conductor may present one movement of a symphony. Although this is not an ideal condition, no musician would dare condense a symphony into a short program by taking bits out of each movement. I maintain that the same respect should be shown to a play or an opera.

Fortunately in the case of the broadcasts of "The Medium," I have no such complaints. I was blessed with a discerning and sensitive director, Jim Fassett of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who disregarded all suggestions for "improving" the script and who stuck scrupulously to the original. With my entire approval we added a few spoken phrases and musical sounds to make the presence of Toby, the deaf mute, felt. Curiously, even these slight additions met with some criticism from a part of the public, who remembered the original stage presentation and resented any interpolations.

For the adaptation of "The Medium" and any other opera into motion pictures, the problem is even more difficult. Because of the dominating presence of the orchestra in an opera, its stage technique must surmount it constantly and emphasize the dramatic element; while on the screen, which is dangerously close to the audience, with emotional elements such as the orchestra completely in the background, the dramatic element has to be humanized and made more intimate; otherwise the balance will be destroyed and the end-product heavy handed and meaningless.

SHOULD "The Medium" then be filmed? Yes, I still think it can be done if it is largely rewritten in terms of the new form; but I believe that the only person who should be asked to so adapt it is the author. My only interest in becoming a film director is that I feel I can best make this adaptation. I would be distressed if it were to be filmed or rewritten by anyone else. We have some sad examples of filming operas. Putting the "Barber" into the movies was a hopeless undertaking and a definite disservice to Rossini, who never intended his libretto for such detailed scrutiny. This was bad enough; but it was even worse when Billy Rose or Orson Welles tried to help Bizet and Shakespeare to meet modern audiences. I feel that there should be a Dramatists Guild to protect dead authors, as well as those who are still living.

As for my own work, as long as I am alive I find it exciting and challenging to adapt it to all modern mediums—radio, films, records. Once I am dead, however, if no one likes the versions I have left behind me, I hope that my work will be left to sleep in the protective care of some kind-hearted public librarian.

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"You Got to Get Out of the Way..."

EUGENE H. SAERCHINGER

VIRTUALLY every owner of a radio set anywhere in the United States or Canada can, and probably does, listen to transcribed music programs prefabricated in New York by one of the five major transcription houses of America. Four hundred and twenty-five stations subscribe to this company's disc library, and over three-quarters of them use the accompanying "continuity" scripts which arrange the music into twenty-one hours of regular weekly programs. Other services have similar scope.

"Continuity" is the word given to radio phrases like, "But first we invite you . . .," "Madame Hoheimer will now sing . . .," and other miscellaneous lines which pass through the ear unabsorbed. Like the literature found on soup cans, continuity is so taken for granted that most people regard it as a natural phenomenon. But after a year and a half of such work, I can testify that continuity is not natural. It is painstakingly created by hard-working, occasionally well-paid individuals dignified with the title "writer."

The continuity man's primary task is to make his words so unobtrusive that, in the well-known radio phrase, they will "get out of the way for the music." The pinnacle of success is reached only when his words slide so easily off the announcer's tongue and so smoothly through the listener's ear that no one is aware of their existence.

Complete self-effacement in composition is no easy goal, and to achieve it continuity often receives more detailed editing than a constitutional amendment. For instance, a writer creates a typical introduction:

> And now, lovely Linda Carrol steps into the picture with a beautiful song. In romantic rhythm as bright as a brand-new dime, Linda sings "My Love Song."

The assistant script manager doesn't like the first two words. "And now" is found in every other introduction, he complains, and changes the words to "next" (which is used on every alternate occasion). The adjective "lovely" should be reserved for "lovely Louise McDunna," so Linda Carrol must be described as "romantic." He doesn't like the cliché "steps into the picture" and replaces it with one he does—"takes the spotlight." Brand-new" is proclaimed redundant, so he takes out "brand." Finally, he changes "bright as a new dime." He has no political objection to the Roosevelt dime, understand, but listeners may be wondering if you *do* mean it politically, when they should be listening to the music. "Dime" is changed to "penny." "You got to get out of the way for the music," he says.

The script manager himself sees the edited version and objects to "song" appearing twice. He changes one "song" to "melody." For rhythm, he replaces the "brand" in "brand-new." "Romantic" is now used twice, so "romantic Linda Carrol" becomes lovely again, and to hell with Louise McDunna. The revised version reads:

> Next—lovely Linda Carrol takes the spotlight with a beautiful melody. In romantic rhythm as bright as a brand-new penny, Linda sings "My Love Song."

Of the original thirty-word introduction, ten words have now been changed, two of them twice. To the hopelessly ignorant, the two versions might seem indistinguishable. But the experienced script manager knows how important it is to be sure the words step aside for the notes.

The continuity writers' hunt for unused adjectives is as devoted as the pearl diver's search for infected oysters. All writers know Roget's Thesaurus. Embittered cynics in the trade know other lexicons called "Adjective Finders." My colleagues and I at NBC constructed our own adjective finders, cross-referenced according to program-subject and meaning. Actually this is less impressive than it sounds, as we had need for only four meanings. For instance, six of the fifty-five scripts we wrote were hymn programs. For these shows we needed adjectives suggesting that the hymn was pretty good, and therefore a favorite; that the hymn was old, and therefore pretty good; that it was a stirring hymn, and therefore a favorite; and that it was a soothing hymn, and therefore pretty good. Under the first, or general praise, category, "inviting" and "beauteous" were popular. Under the "old" category, we used such words as "timeless," "everlasting," and "immortal." Under the heading of "stirring" hymns, we classified "inspirational," "radiant," and "glorifying." But the final, "soothing" category was my favorite, for here almost any degree of lugubrious unction was permissible. That's where we put "enrapturing," "blissful," and "care-drowning." Everyone in the office celebrated with bacchic delirium when someone added "soul-searing."

The word "familiar" is most widely used. The philosophy of radio is to give the audience what it likes best.

(*Continued on page* 60)

"Listen to that strong primitive beat."

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The Basic Record Library

Tchaikovsky

THE PIANO CONCERTOS

No. 1 in B flat minor. The recently released Rubinstein-Mitropoulos version (V-set 1159) restores to that pianist the preeminence he enjoyed prior to the overwrought collaboration of Horowitz and Toscanini. I am not enamored of the sound produced by the Minneapolis Orchestra, but surely the pianistic advantage is all with Rubinstein.

No. 2 in G. Shura Cherkassky's methodical work with this score as accompanied by Jacques Rachmilovich and the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra (Concert Hall Society album AM) has revived an interest in it long overdue. The sound, however, is shallow, the plastic surfaces noisy.

THE VIOLIN CONCERTO

In D major. Taking recording into account as a weighty factor, the new Erica Morini-Desire Defauw accomplishment has more of the music rendered with justice than either the Heifetz-Barbirolli of the Milstein-Stock, the previous standards.

THE SYMPHONIES

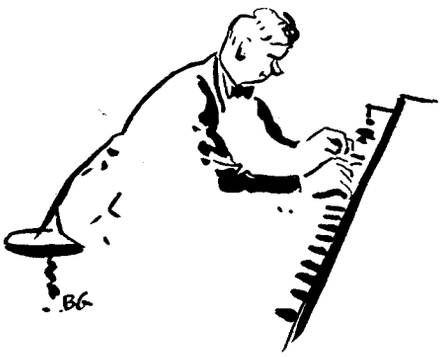
No. 1 in G minor. Virtue has hardly had its reward for Rachmilovich, whose enterprise in recording this work with the Santa Monica Symphony has influenced Victor to issue a version by Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony which has been sitting on a shelf for many months. I don't hear much reason for choice between the interpretations of the two men, but the Sevitzky orchestra is not only superior but much more creditably reproduced (V-set 1189).

No. 2 in C minor. A charming work, with much folk-song content, which ought to be better known than it is. Goossens and the Cincinnati Orchestra (V-set 790) are as good as one would want to hear in this music.

No. 3 in D. Another work by Tchaikovsky which has much fine musical content. The New Gregor Fitelberg for English Decca is a decided improvement on the previous Hans Kindler for Victor, and welcome since there was no other for many years. The London Philharmonic is reproduced with fine richness of sound (EDA 1479-83).

No. 4 in F minor. In domestic issues, nothing has appeared recently to surpass the Stokowski-NBC version in V-set 880, and it would take a considerable effort to do so in any case. This is one of the best modern Stokowski performances, and still a sound job of reproduction.

No. 5 in F minor. Here is a work which can be done with plausible results in such a variety of ways that the consumer might well turn critic himself. My private inclination is to the Beecham-London Philharmonic (Columbia set 470), but there is much to be said for the playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy in V-set 828, and even more for the playing of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky in V-set 1057. Unquestionably the best available recording for sound alone, is the Paul Kletski-Philharmonia in C-set 701, a performance of fervent energy and



large effects. Good unsentimental tempi, too.

No. 6 in B minor. The final word on Furtwängler's "Pathetic" is, apparently, that it will no longer be pressed domestically by Victor. However, most shops dealing in imported records are able to supply it. Easier to come by, if a much different order of thing, is the Stokowski playing with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. Big brassy doings, reproduced in impressive waves of sound. Calmer and less mannered, but also less well reproduced is a Rodzinski-Philharmonic-Symphony version in C-set 558. English Decca has an Adrian Boult-directed performance which I haven't had a chance to hear.

THE OVERTURES

Francesca da Rimini. For poetry and musical sense, I prefer the Beecham-London Philharmonic in C-set 447. Last month's issue of a Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony performance acquainted us with a forceful job, of standard character. Beecham's is more than that.

Hamlet. This is the lengthy form of opus 67a, rather than the abbreviated 67b, which is sometimes heard and has actually been recorded by Antal Dorati and the London Philharmonic (Victor 13760). Constant Lambert is the director, with the Hallé Orchestra working well for him (C-set X243).

Marche Slave. Vital conducting by Artur Rodzinski makes his performance with the Cleveland Orchestra (C-11567) still recommendable, though the recording parade has passed it by as sound. Fiedler's Boston "Pops" (V-12006) is lacking the enlivening element noted above.

Romeo and Juliet. The recent Toscanini-NBC is easily the choice here, for it is strong, impassioned playing, and an excellent reproduction (V-set 1180). I have heard a Beecham-Royal Philharmonic which I greatly admire, but it is not yet available.

Solenelle-1812. Rodzinski's feeling for this order of Tchaikovsky is as evident here as in the "Marche Slave" noted above. It is summable in much the same terms (C-set X205).

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL WORKS

Capriccio Italien. An odd neglect of this work by the domestic companies leaves the Stokowski of Philadelphia Orchestra days (V-6949-50) as the preferable among those at hand. It is grand music-making in the florid tradition represented by the score, though hardly as well-sounding as it would be by contemporary methods. Beecham's was a famous fiasco, the Fiedler of V-set 632 no such virtuoso in this manner as Stokowski.

From European sources, there should be mention of versions of the piano concertos by Benno Moisievitch for HMV, both conducted by George Weldon. No. 2 would seem of special interest, but I have not heard either. Among the symphonies, there is an excellent No. 4 by Constant Lambert and the Hallé Orchestra for Columbia (English Columbia DX 1096-1100). Nicolai Malko has done the "Pathetic" for HMV, with results unknown to me. A work I can recommend with enthusiasm as the best available is Adrian Boult's "Capriccio Italien" with the BBC Orchestra. It is not the latest-style English recording, but a prime example of previous style which had superb richness and sonority. Boult, moreover, is a considerable hand with this score (HMV DB 3956-57). Aside from Beecham's "Romeo and Juliet" already mentioned, there is a good but not Toscanini-superior one by Lambert, also a van Karajan on Columbia (see p. 59), a rousing "Marche Slave" by Boult for HMV and another by Anatol Fistoulari for Decca, and a Malko version of the "1812" for HMV. That is on its way here, but not yet at hand.

IRVING KOLODIN.

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Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32 (Symphonic Fantasia)—Tchaikovsky. Conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Album. DM*-1179, $4.

MITROPOULOS
Polka and Fugue from "Schwanda, the Bagpipe Player"—Weinberger. Conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Record 12-0019, $1.

SHAW
Magnificat—J. S. Bach. Conducting the RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra. Blanche Thebom, Mezzo-soprano and other soloists. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Album DM*-1182, $4.75.

TOSCANINI
Romeo and Juliet (Overture-Fantasia)—Tchaikovsky. Included as final side: *Colas Breugnon: Overture, Op. 24*—Kabalevsky. Conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. *Red Seal* Album DM*-1178, $4.

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Reviews of the Month

Familiar names, and rather unfamiliar works, predominate in the month's record issues. There are Mozart arias from concert works rather than operas, a volume of Schumann songs which includes several settings of Byron texts with harp accompaniment; the "Zigeunerlieder" of Brahms, and the same composer's infrequently recorded B flat quartet. Or, to cite further, Tchaikovsky's "Symphony No. 1" and the "Scenes Alsacienne" of Massenet. But this is not the whole story, for there are also such reissues as the Beethoven No. 9, the Schumann piano concerto, and the D minor of Brahms.

A Mozart Miscellany

MOZART: *Various airs. Italo Tajo, basso, with the Grande Orchestra Sinfonica della Radio Italiana conducted by Mario Rossi.* (Cetra Album 104, $6.55.)

A singer of distinction, Italo Tajo is generously worthy of the rich opportunity presented by this group of Mozart concert, and incidental arias. *"Mentre ti Lascio, O Figlia"* will be recognized as a duplication of an item included in a Pinza album of a year ago, but the others are scarcely familiar, in recorded form or otherwise. Among them is a fine buffo aria from "Così fan Tutte"—*"Rivolgete a lui lo Sguardo"*—not usually heard when the opera is given, and an oddity, *"Per Questa Mano,"* which has a double-bass obbligato. However the sound of the instrument suggests that something of an overgrown cello was used.

Tajo is a singer of musicianship, feeling, and generally good vocal discipline. He has the temperament to encompass the wide range of material in this collection which includes, as well, *"Un Bacio di Mano"* (K.541), *"Per Questa Bella Mano"* (K.612), *"Cosi Dunque Tradisci"* (K.432) and *"Alcandro, lo Confesso"* (K.512). The recording is an improvement on Cetra's previously competent standard, the orchestra well managed by Rossi. The accompanying booklet is a model of what such things should be.

Blanche Thebom — "remarkable voice [and] sound understanding."

Byron and Hosannas

SCHUMANN: *Various songs. Blanche Thebom, mezzo soprano, with William Hughes, piano.* (Victor album 1187, $4.20.)

If there is any American singer who has made more progress in artistry during the past two or three years than Blanche Thebom, the evidence has not come to this attention. Here she is working with material even more congenial to her talents than the opera in which she spends so much of her time, and the remarkable voice is supplemented by sound understanding of such songs as *"Mutter, Mutter," "Lass mich ihn am Busen Hangen," "Der Sandman," "In's Freie,"* and the *"Zwei Lieder der Braut."* Moreover, she articulates her conceptions in German of excellent clarity.

An authentic oddity in this album are four settings of Byron texts (in English) which I have never encountered in any form, either in the concert hall or on records. Titled "My Soul Is Dark," "Jephtha's Daughters," "Sun of the Sleepless," and "Thy Days Are Done," they are fairly unforgettable for the fact that they are sung to harp accompaniment. Thebom manages to make an extraordinary amount of the text audible, while singing the music with quiet expressiveness; vocally, however, they indicate she is building her high tones at the expense of the low register. She scoops some of these rather unpleasantly, and they are breathier than they should be. This detail aside, the accomplishment is an impressive one. Also highly creditable are Hughes's piano playing and the even balance of voice and instrument. Included are *"Er Ist's," "Melancholie," "Der Himmel Hat eine Traene Geweint"* (a special credit to Miss Thebom) and *"Last der Sturm Naeht."*

SCHUMANN: *"Concerto in A minor." Artur Rubinstein, piano, and the RCA Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.* (Victor album 1176, $5.25.)

"Lotte Lehmann—eloquence and [once] superb poise."

On a second try within a comparatively short cycle of time, Victor has produced the version of Schumann's A minor concerto for which this listener, at least, has been waiting many a long month. In contrast to the excesses and exaggerations of Arrau's work with Karl Kreuger, Rubinstein and Steinberg are at one in a conception of this concerto which is warmly mellow without being soft, full of musical subtleties, and, nevertheless, a full measure of vigorous spirit.

What strikes the ear particularly is the steadiness of Rubinstein's rhythm, his ability to give Schumann's music the full flexibility of phrasing it requires *within* the framework of metrical time. There are also a beautiful depth and sonority to this recording which properly reflect those elements in the natural sound of Rubinstein. Likewise, the orchestra which is handled by Steinberg in the finely conscientious way that distinguished his Chopin concerto with Rubinstein. Since the work is one of the enduring joys of music, and a new version of it which made it so has been lacking since pre-war days, hosannas are in order.

Three Views of Brahms

BRAHMS: *"Concerto in D minor." Clifford Curzon, piano, with the National Symphony Orchestra directed by Enrique Jorda.* (Decca album EDA 47, $13.65.)

Had Clifford Curzon not paid a visit to this country a month or two ago and demonstrated by his playing of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasy that he is one of the great pianists of the day, I would have approached this album less with anticipation than reluctance. For the D minor concerto is a particularly ponderous work of the

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often-massive Brahms, and the number of successful performances it has is limited indeed.

Curzon, aided by ffrr technique, achieves almost the impossible, but not quite, for Jorda is something less than a mercurial type, and he often looses the forward movement of the work when the pianist is not playing. Consequently it is not so consistently a well-organized performance as the older Schnabel-Szell version (which also had more interest for the piano playing than the conducting) or so well balanced—in musical terms—as the Serkin-Reiner. However, it is vastly superior to either as a reproduction of the sounds involved, and Curzon, separately, is at all times first rate. It would be a process of mathematics rather than criticism to balance all these factors, but the addition here remains favorable to Schnabel and Szell.

BRAHMS: *"Zigeunerlieder." Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano.* (Victor album DM 1188, $2.65.)

The art of Brahms plus the native quality of these songs makes something that the Lehmann of a few years back managed with superb poise and eloquence. The eloquence is still there, but the poise has no longer the principal foundation it requires—good vocal quality. Fidelity in recording here shows the pinched and ugly quality of the sound with unmerciful realism, perhaps even over-stressing it somewhat as the microphone can.

But with the frayed line of voice she has left, Lehmann traces some breathtaking things, especially on the last side. Just for the way she sings the line *"taüchet mich nicht, verlässe mich nicht"* and its wonderful elaboration by Brahms, this is a disc that every lover of fine vocal art should own. In contrast to some previous Lehmann-Victor discs, this one is superbly recorded, with proper prominence for the piano.

BRAHMS: *"Quartet No. 3 in B flat." Guillet Quartet.* (VOX album 208.)

Here, from an unexpected source, is a most musicianly playing of a work which has been absent from the catalogues for three or four years. It does not have the sweep or emotional breadth of the previous playing by the Budapest ensemble (Victor 193, of old) but it is precision playing of the first order. Guillet, as a leader, lacks the personal tone quality that his post requires, but there is an astonishing evenness of sound among the four players. They do better with the more delicate passages of the work, of which there are an abundance.

Vox has had uncommon success with recording the four strings in some kind of acoustical chamber that gives plenty of air space around the music without verging on echo. I do not know, however, whether it is only the side five which I received which doesn't track properly into the groove. There is a considerable sound at the start and the vibration throws the needle violently ahead. Prospective purchasers should check this in the sets they buy.

Joy, but Confined

BEETHOVEN: *"Symphony No. 9 in D minor." Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Berkshire Music Festival Chorus and James Pease, bass, Frances Yeend, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, and David Lloyd, tenor.* (Victor album 1190, $9.45.)

Of available Ninth Symphonies this must be the preferable one now, not so much for what Koussevitzky does or does not do with it, but because more of what he does can be heard than in any previous issue. The quality of sound from beginning to end is clean and clear, with only a little blurring of the tympani in its heaviest passages; the choral sound reproduces the accentuated sharpness of attack that Robert Shaw has drilled into the singers, and the vocal quartet is thoroughly competent.

Having said this much, it remains to be said, also, that Koussevitzky is much more concerned here with texture than he is with mood, and the true ferment and restlessness of this score are not much more than suggested. Unlike some other works of Beethoven, in which fluctuations of tempo and oddities of phrasing can be cited to document one's dissatisfaction with the playing under Koussevitzky, he is here altogether orthodox in his tempi and phraseology. (An exception might be the curiously retarded trio of the scherzo, which is good for the long curving string phrase, but not for the woodwinds that precede it.) To me, Koussevitzky in this music lacks drive and drama, except in the most obvious sense; the internal agitation is all somewhat over refined, the "Apostrophe to Joy" by no means unconfined.

IRVING KOLODIN.

Exquisite and Unsubstantial

DELIUS: *"A Song of the High Hills," "March Caprice," and piano concerto. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Lady Betty Humby Beecham as piano solosit.* (Victor set 1185, $7.35.)

Artur Rubinstein—"steadiness of rhythm, flexibility of phrasing, depth and sonority."

The recreative art of Sir Thomas Beecham forms an unbreakable link with the music of the late Frederick Delius. It was Sir Thomas who brought the works of Delius dramatically to the attention of the British public with a London concert of 1907; and it was the noted conductor again who was responsible for the Delius festival of 1929, five years before the composer's death, which established permanently in England the reputation of an outstanding native composer. But these are not the only dates in the history of the Beecham-Delius relationship. The record is one of constant premieres directed by Sir Thomas.

If the reader is a Delius fan, the new album of three works recorded by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 61 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Britten: "Peter Grimes" ("Four Sea Interludes") Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. English Decca Nos. 1202-03, $4.20	The first recordings of this music to reach this country, they show Britten's mastery of the orchestra in typical moods of contrast, with the final side "The Storm"—a piece of nature painting in a high tradition of excellence. The other sections—"Dawn," "Sunday Morning," and "Moonlight" are less striking but also of quality. Van Beinum's performances are dramatic and musicianly, the playing of the orchestra an indication that it has returned to its prewar standards. Excellent recording, in which current techniques reproduce, and enhance, the atmosphere of the old Mengelberg discs.
Dvorak: "Notturno" (opus 40). Adolf Busch with the Busch Chamber Music Players. Columbia No. 17513, $1	A strange occupation for Busch, till it be remembered that his quartet was responsible for a version of this composer's E flat quartet which is still choice. This work is a bit overladen with the mannerisms of Dvorak's style for my taste, but it is discreetly played, and well recorded.
Gluck: "Orfeo ed Eurydice." Fritz Stiedry conducting the Southern Philharmonic Orchestra, with Kathleen Ferrier, Zoe Vlachopoulos, and Anne Ayars. English Decca album EDA 39, $15.75	Something more than this brief note is in order for so large an enterprise but late arrival of the work and inadequate description of how "concise" (as it is called) this version is, means that fuller treatment must be delayed. The initial impression is thoroughly favorable to the singers and their reproduction, with a measure of dissatisfaction with Stiedry and some erratic tempi.
Gluck: "Che Faro Senza Eurydice." Nan Merriman, contralto, with orchestra directed by Frieder Weissman. Victor No. 12-0067, $1.05	The singer has the ear of the microphone here, so to speak, with disadvantage to a rather important orchestral part. Her vocal quality is good, but not in the old line of such singers as Oneigin, who recorded this. Overside is the "Rondo Gavotte" from "Mignon," ably sung. Weissman is the leader of record, but he does little more than follow. The recording is good, aside from balance, as noted.
Massenet: "Scènes Alsaciennes." Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 723, $4.60	A sentimental saunter through Alsace, with friendly guidance by Mitropoulos. The musical material is no Baedeker of the tone art, but highly appropriate to this locale. Reasonably good recording, but not up to Columbia's current standard.
Ravel: "Pavane pour une Infanta Défunte." E. Robert Schmitz, piano. Victor No. 12-066, $1.05	A single-side version of the original piano piece, of which a two-faced disc by Koussevitzky of the transcription was issued recently. Schmitz is a musician who knows what he is about, but I don't care for his shallow tone or some of his phrasing. The pairing with Debussy's "Reverie" recalls that both pieces were appropriated for popular songs a few years back.
Schubert: "Overture in the Italian Style" in C. Sir Malcolm Sargent and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia No. 72464, $1.25	An entertaining work with many characteristics of Rossini, including a full-blown crescendo pattern in the master's own vein. However the best music in the work is that which suggests the Schubert-to-come of the "Rosamunde" ballet, etc. A likely item for any devotee of Schubert, especially as it's played with suitable lightness by Sir Malcolm and the orchestra. Well-rounded recording, though the woodwinds sound a little distant from the microphone.
Schumann: "Symphony No. 3." Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Orchestra. Victor album DM 1184, $5.25	A strong, energetic performance which lacks only one quality—it is not Schumannesque. What that term takes in can hardly be defined in a sentence, but, in re Mitropoulos, it concerns tenderness of feeling, warmth of tone, and flexibility of phrasing. There is some quantity of each in this playing but never enough. In addition, the orchestral performance, while admirably precise, is tonally pale for music of this coloration. My preference remains with Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic, though it is less good a recording. The best passage here is the evocation of the "Dom," a pictorial effect which Mitropoulos makes quite vivid.
Strauss, Josef: "Music of the Spheres" waltz. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor No. 12-0068, $1.05	The Strauss family quality is in this piece, a little dimmed by being one step removed from the authentic. Fiedler's treatment is steady and meticulous, the recording a bit empty though not as edgy as some others in which the "Pops" orchestra has been involved recently.
Tchaikovsky: "Symphony No. 1." Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor album DM 1189, $6.30	In most respects a better buy than the Rachmilovich-Santa Monica Orchestra album which appeared several months ago. The orchestral tone is more incisive, the tonal panorama better presented. However it is not a job in which Victor may take particular pride, for the sound is not always balanced as it should be, especially in the slow movement where a duet of oboe and flute favors the former inordinately, and a passage of cello and high strings is also distorted. Sevitzky's feeling for the music and the playing of the orchestra are thus undervalued.
Waldteufel: "Espana" waltz. Walter Hendl conducting the Carnegie "Pops" Orchestra. Columbia No. 7591, $1	Steady performance by Hendl of a work that could absorb more finesse than he gives to it. Overside is Pierre's "Entrance of the Faun." Clear recording. IRVING KOLODIN

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THE JAZZ BEAT

THE RECORD AS EVIDENCE

TWENTY-FIVE, fifty years from now—provided there is anybody still around to listen—the jazz enthusiasms of today will have meaning and weight only if exhibited in recorded form. Since Edison first shouted *Mary-had-a-little-lamb* and had it spoken back to him in distant echo, the only musical performance that may be historically weighed is the sound you are able to coax from a disc.

The accepted extemporaneousness of jazz makes the necessity of recorded memoranda obvious, but classical performance is no less in need of preservation for the future. Oddly enough, the finest conductors do not necessarily make the best recordings. One type is realistic enough to listen and learn from the recording engineer; the other conducts exactly as he does in the concert hall and fairly challenges the technicians to catch him if they can. That the results will favor the former may have its effect on the evaluation of generations to come. In this respect the phonograph has added a dimension to musical judgment with which conductors of the future must reckon, if only to protect their own reputations.

The invention of a process for recording and reproducing sound has given jazz a meaning and a stature it never could have had before. A great record by a great jazz artist can influence hundreds of thousands of musicians throughout the world. A magnificent solo that may never again be exactly duplicated may have its facsimiles spread to the ends of the earth —where Louis Armstrong's trumpet may happily speak to Russia quite as well as to New Orleans.

The writer was well into his shaving years before he ever heard a jazz performance other than on record. Residing well into the Southern hinterland, the only chance we had to sample the wares of the virtuoso was via his recorded efforts. For every patron fortunate enough to hear an artist in person, there are literally thousands who have contact with the player only by remote control so to speak. And so it is conceivable that a mediocre hot soloist, having on the spur of the moment recorded a superb variation, in decades to come will be regarded as one of the great soloists on his particular instrument. To those who know him only by this record he will, by association, assume an importance grossly disproportionate to his actual worth. That this is unjust is not historically admissible. The fact remains that the only way the intensely personal music of a jazz soloist may live is on the record. With the accessibility of recording today, unsubstantiated, fabled greatness is not enough.

In years to come during the heat of a jazz discussion, you may want to dogmatize: "Ah, yes, but you should have heard Jo-Jo that night in Peoria!" Unless you can produce the performance from your library you are wasting your breath.

THIS IS JAZZ, *Vol. 1* (Circle Album S-7, $3.90).

From the successful Mutual Network radio program with the same name as the album, Rudi Blesh has selected six fine examples of classic jazz. Taken from transcriptions of the show itself, the numbers include a moving "Chippie" Hill vocal in the Bessie Smith genre, an exciting "Hotter Than That" and a heart-warming reading of "Tishomingo Blues" containing among other things one of the most admirably dirty trumpet breaks ever recorded. Although surrounded by such awe-inspiring virtuosi as Jimmy Archey, trombone: Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Danny Barker, guitar, and Baby Dodds, drums, "Wild Bill" Davidson plays his cornet with a heated imagination that is practically peerless. Unfortunately, a poor balance is unkind to Baby Dodds's drum breaks.

ART HODES HOT FIVE (Blue Note Album 103, $3.90).

"Wild William" again, riding his raucous cornet in six traditional melodies such as "Save It Pretty Mama," "Memphis Blues," "St. James Infirmary," and the like. With the added redeeming features of Sidney Bechet's clarinet and soprano and Hodes's satisfying, tremolo-ridden piano, this is an album that is well worth investigating.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS (Capitol Album AD-62, $3.27).

From its illustrious stable of artists Capitol has corralled eight previously obscure mavericks — odd sides that have been kicking around the company's vaults for years unreleased for one reason or another. Items: a vocal caress from Peggy Lee called "Baby"; Anita O'Day with Stan Kenton's band shouting at her "Travelin' Man"; Benny Carter, the most fluent, melodic alto saxophonist on "I Can't Get Started"; a pleasant Benny Goodman-Red Norvo-and-company disc; two groups fronted by Sonny Greer and Rex Stewart, respectively, on tasteful, small band interpretations; small combo jazz led by Red Nichols and Eddie Miller. All in all, good listening for someone who wants to sample some rather refined near-jazz before delving into the McCoy.

–Bill Gottlieb.

"The elusive Thelonius Monk has finally been adequately captured on wax"—and celluloid.

T-BONE WALKER: *Mean Old World; I Got a Break, Baby* (Capitol 15033, 79¢).

Walker is an able blues shouter, a sort of suave cross between Lead Belly and Joe Turner. He also plucks a guitar surpassingly well. A pair of excellent, earthy originals.

STAN KENTON: *Lover; Soothe Me* (Capitol 15031, 79¢).

The first tune is another frantic, rhapsodic three minutes in the Kenton powerhouse notable for some fine, coarse blowing from Vido Musso's tenor sax, one of the last sides he made before leaving the band. The other side is dominated by the singing of June Christy, one of the more talented young singers.

THELONIUS MONK: *Thelonius; Suburban Eyes* (Blue Note 542, $1.05).

The elusive Thelonius Monk (until a short while ago it was even impossible to get a picture of him) has finally been adequately captured on wax. Often given credit for being one of the founders of the bebop movement, his pianistic endeavors are not exactly earth-shaking. Still the first side is oddly affecting with bop piano figures against a rather out-of-place Kansas City rhythm section.

GILBERT MCKEAN.

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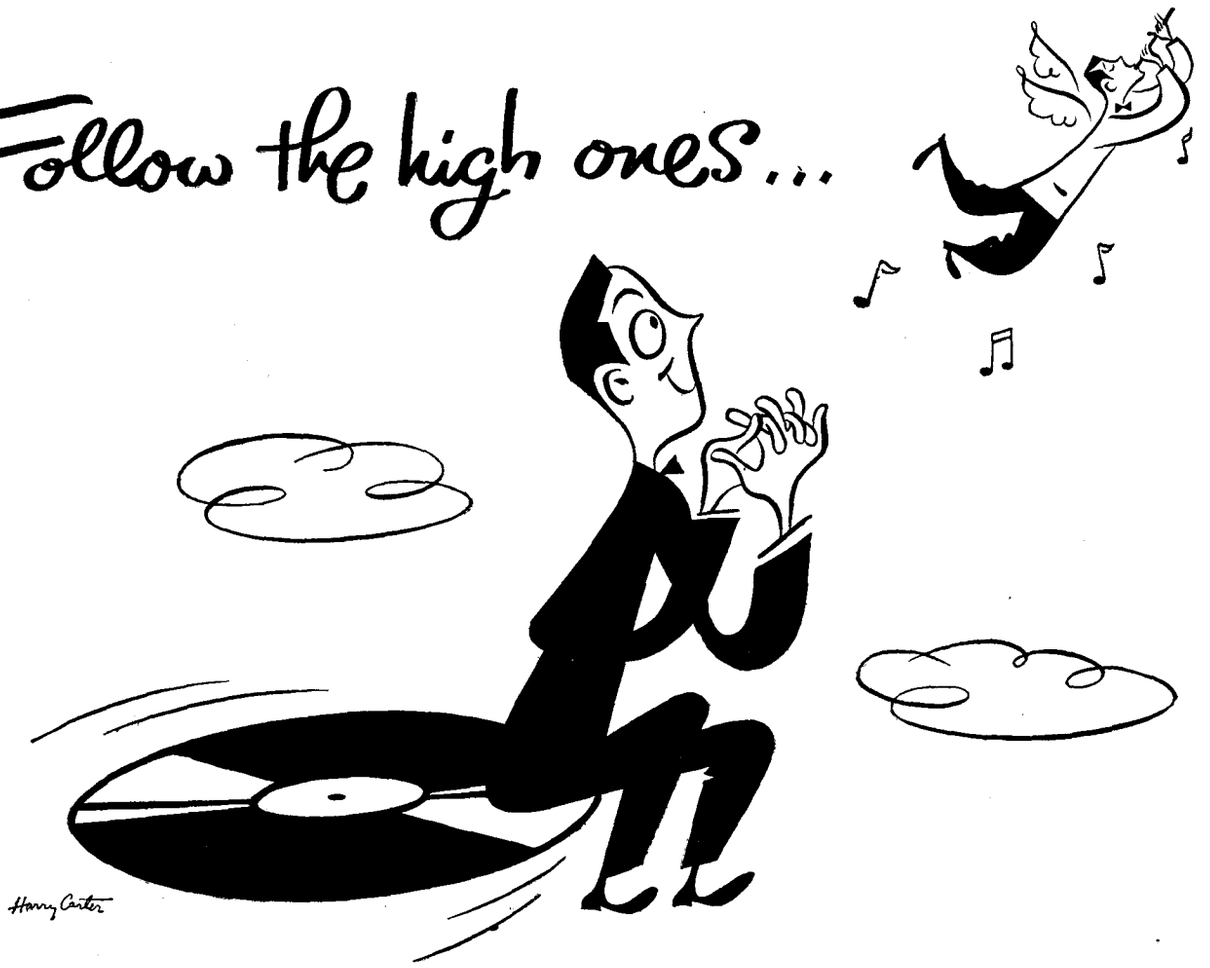

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Some current releases produced on Vinylite Brand Plastics

BACH: Brandenburg Concertos No. 1 in F Major, No. 2 in F Major, No. 3 in G Major, No. 4 in G Major, Otto Klemperer conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra. *Vox Albums 618, 619, 620, 621.*

BACH: Toccata and Fugue in D Minor; Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major. Richard Elsasser, organist. *Oliver Album.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, in E-Flat, Op. 55 Erioca, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor. *Victor Album DV-8.*

BERLIOZ, Romeo et Juliette, Op. 17 Dramatic Symphony, Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. *Victor Album DV-7.*

IBERT: Escales, San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, Conductor. *Victor Album DV-10.*

MOZART: Symphony in D Major K 133, Vox Chamber Orchestra, Edvard Fendler, Conductor. *Vox Album 171.*

OFFENBACH: Gaite Parisienne, Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. *Victor Album DV-9.*

AMERICAN WALTZES: Orchestra directed by Joseph Littau. *Pilot Album 121.*

CROSBY, BING: The Man Without A Country. Orchestra conducted by Victor Young. *Decca Album DAU-90013-14.*

DE LUCA, GIUSEPPE: Italian Art Songs, Pietro Cimara at the Piano. *Decca Album DAU-90003-5.*

GIELGUD, JOHN: Scene from Act I, "The Importance of Being Earnest," Scene from Act III, "Lady Windermere's Fan." *Decca Record DU-90012.*

MARLOWE, SYLVIA: Two Concerti for Harpsichord. *Decca Album DAU-90015-17.*

MELODIES OF THE TWENTIES: Including Rose Room, Avalon, Carolina in the Morning, Jealous, Sometimes I'm Happy, Sposin,' et al, played by Emile Petti and his orchestra. *Liberty Music Shops Album.*

RUMBAS AND CONGAS: Played by Roberto and his Latin American Orchestra, vocals by Don Arres and Monchito. *Pilot Album 133.*

SOUTH EDDIE: The Dark Angel of the Violin, including Deep Purple, Sweet Sue, Stardust, et al. *Pilot Album 122.*

THERRIEN, JEANNE: Piano Moods, Including Malaguena, Nocturne, Rachmaninoff Prelude in G Major, et al. *Pilot Album 126.*

Some Highs and Lows

NEW CROP OF "COMPONENTS"

THE IDEA of putting together your own phonograph from separate elements—pickup and motor, amplifier, speaker—is anything but new. But since the end of the war a large crop of newly improved and simplified "components" has appeared which, in spite of rising costs, make a moderately priced home-assembled machine both easier to build and better in sound. Perhaps the greatest spur to this sort of construction has been the new wide-range magnetic pickups (and the improved lightweight crystal pickups which have appeared to meet their competition). But as important, though not as widely heralded, is the improved "PM" (permanent magnet) speaker, now becoming standard equipment, where before the war it was in the specialty class. Not only can a speaker of amazing lightness now replace the cumbersome heavyweight dynamic speaker of prewar days but, most important for the home builder, the PM speaker needs only two harmless low-voltage connections, whereas the old speakers required a potentially dangerous high-voltage source of power for the huge electromagnet, now replaced by the relatively tiny permanent magnet. Since the pickup wires are also harmlessly low voltage, the timid soul need fear no more; aside from routine 110-volt motor connections, all uncomfortable electric currents remain safely inside the amplifier and out of harm's way. Some may laugh—but without a doubt many people will be delighted to know about this.

Between the pickup and the speaker comes the amplifier. Many an amateur has built his own and this is still by far the cheapest way. Many others, with a fair mechanical and electrical knowledge, may take advantage of an increasing number of ready-made amplifier kits, in which every part, every last screw and wire is. predestined for its rightful place and only time, infinite patience, and plenty of digital dexterity are needful. Even so, it's not as simple as it sounds, it must be hastily added. The answer for most people is the ready-made amplifier unit, available in many forms and price ranges.

It was pointed out in this writer's series on amplifiers last summer in *The Saturday Review* that, kits aside, there were then two major categories of amplifier available. Since then a third category has appeared of especial interest to those who have modest aspirations and even more modest budgets: a type of low-priced amplifier designed especially for phonograph use.

Until this last type appeared (it is still not easy to find) the choice was quite arbitrary. On the one hand there was available the mass-produced and reasonably priced "PA" amplifier, designed primarily for public address work. If this was insufficient, the next step up in quality was the expensive high-fidelity phonograph amplifier, ranging from a low of $70 or so up into the $300 class. Unless a record owner is reasonably familiar with the workings of a phonograph system and with the sounds, good and bad, that can be reproduced with wider range equipment, these expensive amplifiers are perhaps best ignored, at the beginning. Like all precision instruments, they are temperamental; they will bring out the bad in your records as readily as the good. Their controls are versatile but complex, and it takes much experience to use them properly. Moreover, a high quality amplifier must be matched by a proportionately expensive speaker system and the very best quality pickup and phonograph motor equipment. The total price soars.

Fortunately, for the great majority, the simple seven- to ten-watt public address amplifier was, and still is, an excellent buy for use in a home phonograph system. It sacrifices some quality for the sake of power that is not needed in the home, and its microphone inputs are useless for most buyers (though fun for the kids). But mass production and a more or less standardized and well-tested design make it an excellent value. Amplifiers of this type cost less than $30 in most brands, and will give you performance equal to many a high-priced prewar console.

Needless to say, for the very best in phonograph reproduction, the expensive amplifiers and the comparably expensive speakers are mandatory. A later article will consider some of this equipment. But for those just graduating from a conventional medium-priced table or console phonograph the fancy equipment is both needlessly expensive and needlessly complex. One must grow towards such equipment by experience. The modest devices described here make an excellent beginning.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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SCRATCHING *the* SURFACE

HOLLYWOOD.

PARADOXICALLY, what may turn out to be the most important musical news pertaining to the film capital actually is taking place in another capital, some thousands of miles distant from Hollywood. Before this becomes too confusing, let me explain that the "news" refers to the dickering between the mercurial Orson Welles (who has just finished "Cagliostro" in Rome) and the French composer Jacques Ibert. Impressed by the versatility of the Gallic composer, the erstwhile boy genius is in the midst of negotiating with Ibert to lend his talents to the score for the Welles low-budget production of "Macbeth."

As for happenings in the studios proper, the Preston Sturges picture "Symphony Story" to be produced shortly on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, will have quantities of music, all of the selections designed to whet the palate of the most discriminating. Rex Harrison, who mounts the podium for the role he enacts in "Symphony Story," will conduct his way through the "Tannhäuser" overture, and the "Venusberg" music, as well as excerpts from Shostakovich's "Fifth" and "Seventh" symphonies. Who will be heard while Harrison is seen has not yet been disclosed.

Also due to reach the screen by way of Twentieth Century-Fox will be Dan Dailey's interpretation of the "Infernal Dance" from Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite." Wagner! Shostakovich! Stravinsky! What next?

* * *

Among the last recordings produced by Columbia before the ban went into effect, we hear now, are some rarely performed songs by Gustav Mahler. Written when the composer was in his early twenties, the obscure lieder are sung by Desi Halban, Viennese soprano with piano accompaniment by Bruno Walter. This is a second teaming on records. Previously, in conjunction with the New York Philharmonic, they recorded the Mahler "Fourth." In regard to the early Mahler, it is interesting to note that Bruno Walter was the first person to have the privilege of hearing the songs. Mahler played them for Walter before they were offered in public. There's another link with Vienna in this pairing, for Miss Halban is the daughter of Selma Kurtz, a famous singer of the past generation who often appeared at the Vienna Opera.

* * *

Alco, that busy little independent platter company, is bringing before the musical jury all the evidence presented in David O. Selznick's "The Paradine Case." With a fifty-piece orchestra at his command, Franz Waxman has turned the musical score of the picture into an abridged symphonic poem for piano and orchestra. "The Paradine Case" is now on musical, as well as Scotland Yard, records in an album of four ten-inch discs. Another package wrapped up by Alco is the third string quartet by Ernst Toch. The London String Quartet introduced the work, dated 1947, at a concert in the Library of Congress. Since the Washington hearing, the London String Quartet has repeated its interpretation twice, and, as a result of its reception, decided to make an album of the Toch opus. In a contribution to modern musical folklore, Alco has also made a pressing of "Free and Equal Blues," with composer Earl Robinson singing and accompanying himself alternately on piano and guitar. No sound mirror—just a dubbing trick, like RCA's Bach Double Concerto by Heifetz.

* * *

From RCA-Victor comes word that Allan Jones has recorded five sides, all in a semi-classic vein. Among the numbers performed are such standards as "Stars in My Eyes," "Great Day," and "More Than You Know." Another album to come from the RCA-Victor studios will be Harry Revel's "Visions Through a Crystal Ball." This is a sort of follow up by Revel to "Music out of the Moon," a previous release by Capitol. The new Victor album will feature Dr. Hoffman and his theremin, ten voices, and sixteen violins by Les Baxter. While busy composing the above, Revel took time off to whip up a score for a musical show titled "Alive and Kicking." The new revue, which will be along the lines of a previous success, "Meet the People," features sketches by Ray Golden and Hal Fimberg, lyrics and music by Webster and Revel, and choreography by Helen Tamiris, who performed the same stint for "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Allegro." Starred is Pinky Lee, best described as a sort of Bert Lahr in miniature. With an opening date scheduled for April, "Alive and Kicking," should it remain in that state until the fall season, will kick off to Broadway.

* * *

One more independent has joined the list of the small companies before all recordings were prohibited. A.G.A., which is an abbreviation for American Guild Artists, has produced a number of interesting items. Among them are "American Caricatures," a satirical suite played by a forty-piece studio orchestra with composer Bert Shefter conducting. Shefter, who was formerly a duo piano partner of Morton Gould, has doubled on the ivories himself, playing a two-part arrangement of "Malaguena," "Bolero," "The Way You Look Tonight," and "Fantasy Impromptu."

LEONARD HOFFMAN.

"Don't bother Junior now—he's listening to his home work."

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THE YOUNGER SET

IF THE vagaries of the weather this winter have made your nursery situation difficult, take heart—the record companies seem to have anticipated the worst, offering items to meet every mood from over-exuberance to plain sleepiness. When it's lions and tigers time in the nursery, the background for it should be "The Circus," a Young People's Record Club issue that is a match for any infant dynamo. Tom Glaser is the enthusiastic ringmaster at this activity-song record, whose patterns are lively and well put together (Y.P.R. 713, $1.57, unbreakable). Another circus item, "Mr. Bitzel," is the tale of an acrobat. Inferior material, and not well handled. I hope children will find the accompanying jigsaw puzzle more entertaining than I found the records (Tiffany T.B. 1, $4.41). "Grow Straight and Tall" (Exercise Record Company, $2.37) relieves excess energy by providing games by which posture—always a parent's despair—can be improved. Daisy Blau makes the exercise painless and there is music by Mort King.

For quieter moments there is a Columbia issue of songs from "When We Were Very Young," with Gene Kelly as the interpreter. Among them are such delightful Milne poems as "Missing," "Sneazle's," and "Halfway Down." Kelly is an excellent Milne interpreter, with an understanding of the special humor in these poems (Columbia M.J. 42, $1.75). Then Decca has a new and intelligent approach to "33 Children's Songs," which are what the title suggests, but with "something added." Each song is limited to a single verse, and timed to match the interest span of a very young child. A good idea, well executed by the ever-popular Frank Luther (Decca CUS 6, $2.37).

"Jack and Jill Singers" (Musette). offer nursery rhymes performed by small children themselves. They are inexpensive plastic discs (35c) which can be trusted to the hands of the hardiest small Samson. Resol Manufacturing Company has a novel idea in offering "Picturimes." Here is a "decor" for a nursery, in which pictures are provided, for the wall, of nursery-rhyme characters, with a "join in" record for the youngster to sing. And for the bedtime hour, Luther's "Sleep Baby Sleep" is excellent—a group of quiet songs which should be perfect prelude for pleasant dreaming (Decca C.U. 55, $2.37).

A book that record-buying parents should know about is the "Young People's Record Book" by Harriet Barbour and Professor Warren Freeman (Oliver Durell, $3.75). Unfortunately, it is not quite what it says it is, rather a reworking of the same author's "How to Teach Children to Know Music," brought up to date. It classifies stories, poems, classical, folk, ballet, musical comedy, and jazz music into age groups, but it attempts no critical analysis or reason for the choice of a particular record, other than the authors' preference. Price must inevitably be a consideration in record buying, and no prices are mentioned. Most surprising is the complete omission of the Young People's Record Club products. I would have found Kenneth Spencer, Tom Glaser, and Will Geer (who have done fine work for the Y.P.R.C.) livelier company than such singers as Olive Kline and Lambert Murphy, whose old, *old* Victor records are cited. The book as a whole is well planned and bespeaks the experience of the writers, but its value is not in the direction one would expect from the title.

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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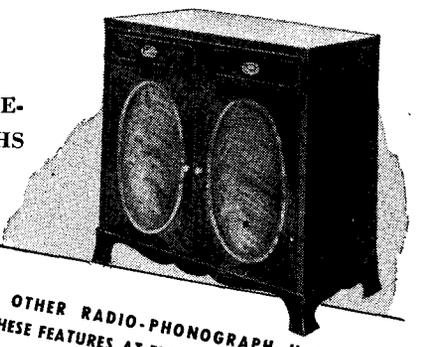

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With Wire and Tape

A Survey of Magnetic Recorders for Home Use

JAMES E. JUMP

WHILE most postwar miracles remain the property of advertising copywriters, one wartime development of much utility, the magnetic recorder, is in production by several consumer-minded manufacturers. This new technique of recording voice and music threatens to supplant conventional home and office recording devices, since several highly desirable features are inherent in magnetic recording; needles are eliminated, noise level is reduced to new lows, uninterrupted recording and playback for periods up to several hours are made possible, and recorded material can be edited. A previously recorded program can be erased at will, and the wire or tape reused for recording new material. The recordings are permanent and do not deteriorate with use or age. They are not affected by heat, humidity, or position in storage, and require comparatively little space.

With a little practice, anyone can make transcriptions of voice or music, and the results will be comparable in quality with good commercial discs. The better equipment will produce definitely superior results, both in frequency range and lack of surface noise. Treasured disc records can be dubbed onto tape or wire, thus saving their surface. Continuous recordings of broadcasts (either AM or FM) can be made, using your present radio, and the musical talents of your family or friends can be recorded with less fuss and bother, and much better results than can be obtained with home disc recording equipment.

Each of the two types of magnetic recording, wire and tape, offer certain advantages. Wire requires less storage space, and is less susceptible to mechanical damage from mishandling. Tape is more easily edited, for it can merely be clipped with scissors and patched with cellulose tape. Except for the Wire Recorder Corporation machine, which employs a capstan drive, most of the wire recorders incorporate a spool drive which means that the linear speed of the wire changes as the spool diameter builds up. This makes editing or program rearrangement impractical, since the wire speed is different at any two points, producing a change in pitch at the edited point. Tape, however, is usually capstan driven at constant linear speed and can therefore be edited indiscriminately. Constant tape speed also provides uniform frequency characteristic over the entire length of the tape, whereas spool-driven wire will have a relatively poor frequency characteristic at the beginning of a spool, since the linear speed is slow at this point. Wire breakage, while infrequent, can be serious since it almost always results in a hopeless snarl and the loss of a treasured recording. Tape is much less inclined to snarl and the break need only be patched with cellulose tape.

Unfortunately, the magnetic recording units currently available have all been designed for 115 volt, sixty cycle, alternating current power supplies only, and it is doubtful that even the most expensive AC/DC conversion equipment would prove satisfactory for the user cursed with DC power. For some unexplainable reason, most manufacturers of magnetic recording equipment have provided inferior microphones and speakers so that the inherent fidelity of magnetic recording is lost unless better quality components are supplied by the user. If you plan to record FM broadcasts, for instance, an adequate speaker and amplifier must be provided to enjoy maximum fidelity during playback.

Some of the available magnetic recorders, such as the RCA wire unit, are designed for office rather than for home use—at least not for the music lover who wants to build a library. The Magnecord, an excellent machine, is designed primarily for professional use, and incorporates expensive features for which there would be little or no utility in the home.

Units still in the development stage and on which no detailed information is available at this writing include magnetic recorders by Stromberg-Carlson, Wilcox Gay, General Electric, and Molded Insulation Company.

COMPARATIVE TABULATION OF AVAILABLE MAGNETIC RECORDERS

Manufacturer	List Price*	Cost Per Hour**	Fidelity	Appearance	Recording Time	Portability	Indexing Feature	Rewind Time	Modulation Indicator
WIRE:									
Brush									
Model BK-303	$795.00	$8.25	excellent	suitcase	30, 60, 120 180 min.	yes 50 lbs.	yes	2, 4, 8, 12 min.	eye
National Polytronics	$79.50	$4.50	fair	table model	10 min.	yes 20 lbs.	no	5 min.	ear
Pierce	$424.00 (3)	$9.00	good	professional	66 min.	yes 40 lbs.	yes	15 min.	eye
Powell	$225.00 (3)	$7.50	good	suitcase	60 min.	yes 26 lbs.	yes	7½ min.	lamp
Webster	$149.50	$5.00	fair	suitcase	15, 30, 60 min.	yes 28 lbs.	no	2, 4, 8 min.	lamp
Air King									
Model A-750	$129.50	$4.95	fair	suitcase	to 60 min.	yes 33 lbs.	no	10 min.	lamp
Model 4700	$239.50	$4.95	fair	walnut-finish console	to 60 min.	no	no	10 min.	lamp
Precision-Audio Products (Wire Master)	$295.50 (7)	$5.00	excellent	suitcase	15, 30, 60 min.	yes 45 lbs.	no (8)	2, 4, 9 min.	2 lamps
TAPE:									
Amplifier Corp. of America									
Model 800-A	$239 net	$5.00	good	table model (4)	30 min.	yes (4) 40 lbs.	optional (4)	½ min.	eye
Model 800-B	$263 net	$5.00	good	table model (4)	30 min.	yes (4) 40 lbs.	optional (4)	½ min.	eye
Model 800-E	$312 net	$2.50	fair	table model (4)	60 min.	yes (4) 40 lbs.	optional (4)	½ min.	eye
Model 800-F	$322 net	$10.00	excellent	table model (4)	15 min.	yes (4) 40 lbs.	optional (4)	½ min.	eye
Model 800-G	$401 net (5)	$10.00 (5)	excellent	table model (4)	15, 30, 60 min. (6)	yes (4) 40 lbs.	optional (4)	½ min.	eye
Brush									
Model BK-401	$229.50	$5.00	excellent	table model	30 min.	yes 40 lbs. (1)	yes	1 min.	eye
Model BK-403	$375.00	$2.50	excellent	suitcase	30, or 60 min. (2)	yes 50 lbs.	yes	¾ min.	eye

*Includes microphone, amplifier, speaker and recording mechanism unless otherwise noted.

**Cost per hour of wire or tape at nominal speed, whether 60-minute reels available or not.

(1) Carrying case with handle supplied for $16.50 extra.

(2) At 4½ inches per minute. At 7½ inches per minute for maximum fidelity the running time is proportionately less.

(3) Recorder and playback mechanism only—no micophone, speaker or playback amplifier provided. Faster rewind device available at $40 extra.

(4) Similar portable models available for $42.00 extra. Other optional features include indexing device at $11.90 extra and automatic program timer at $28.80.

(5) Includes 3 capstans ($25.00 each) but may be purchased with only 1 or 2 capstans. Tape cost $2.50, $5.00, $10.00, depending upon fidelity desired.

(6) Based on 3 capstans.

(7) Microphone not included—suitable ones recommended on request. (Price range from $24.00 to $62.00.)

8) Automatic timer may be used.

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Many other radio manufacturers plan to include, at least as an optional feature, wire or tape recording in their radio line, Majestic Radio and Television Corporation having already incorporated this feature.

The availability of commercially recorded programs on tape or wire is economically contingent on the demand—i.e., the installation of a sufficient number of home units to create a sizable market for pre-recorded wire or tape. In the meantime, the owner must content himself with recording favorite numbers from radio broadcasts or from disc records, to build his library.

James E. Jump is president of James E. Jump & Associates, a New York firm specializing in industrial and engineering marketing research to establish consumer acceptance of highly technical electrical equipment.

REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

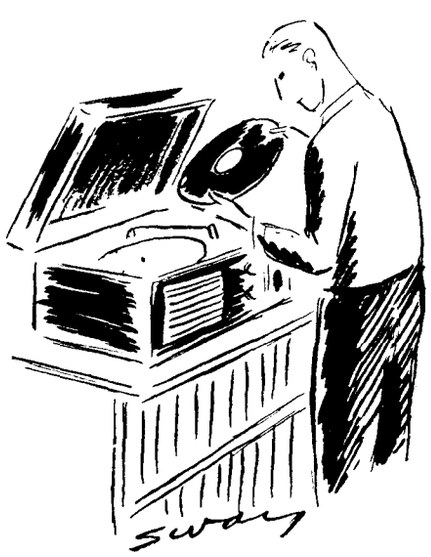
(Continued from page 49)

Sir Thomas's baton ought to bring real pleasure. The performances are beautifully conducted; the orchestral tone is excellent, and the standards of reproduction are up to the best recently achieved in British recording laboratories.

These works are the piano concerto (with Lady Betty Humby Beecham as soloist), the "March Caprice," and "A Song of the High Hills," in which the Luton Choir takes part. All rarely, if ever, given here. From the absolute standpoint, their value is slight; but they are welcome as additions to the better known—and more impressive — Delius repertory already on discs.

As heard by one unfamiliar with their contents, the three pieces sound alike to the point of suggesting one continuous score of enormous length. With their sensuous tone coloring and amorphous structure, they should provide an irresistible background either for a Tudor ballet or a nocturnal revel, with automatic record-changer. For purely musical listening, they are less satisfying.

The one-movement concerto seems the most conventional of all, in a post-Romantic idiom usually associated with Rachmaninoff, the Liszt of the "A major concerto," and MacDowell.



Its writing for piano is mostly chordal or arpeggiated; the structural design meanders. A rather overworked orchestral crescendo brings the work to a close. Lady Beecham plays the solo part well.

"March Caprice" is an agreeable trifle, also suggestive of Rachmaninoff, but with a dash of Celtic flavor in Delius's own personalized style. Were there a piano part, it might sound like still another movement of the concerto.

With "A Song of the High Hills," for chorus and orchestra, the reviewer reaches more complex ground. Delius's use of the chorus—sometimes as sensitive, pointillistic background, at other moments as a major factor in emotional climaxes—is subtle and commanding. In general, "A Song of the High Hills" carries a greater degree of expressive tension than the album's other two works. Especially in the beautiful, poignant middle section, where the vague ring of human voices sounds like distant bells, the listener is touched. The form unfolds naturally; the musical continuity leads one onward.

But—at least on first hearing—the lack of dynamic contrast grows cloying. This is musical impressionism at ebb tide. In works of similar scope, Claude Debussy commanded the secret of a tensile rhythmic strength, never marked but always felt. His inner force of motion made for an over-all unity. In "A Song of the High Hills," Delius's compositional line, lacking central animation, becomes—after the first eight minutes —as rubbery as the strings trailing a cold Welsh rarebit. The mood of the work is exalted, its color often darkly exquisite; but it is not marked by the sense of musical or dramatic destination that one feels in certain other scores by this composer.

Whatever reservations one might have about the album do not extend to the performances by Sir Thomas. These find the conductor at his best: imaginative, warm-hearted, and eloquent.

ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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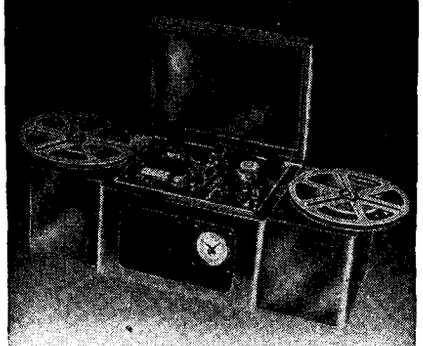

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HITS AND MISSES

THIS month various fine traditions in American popular music have been prettily served. Among them is that of the California orchestra. The term will presumably mean little to the jitterbug generation, and what it may convey to the re-bop fanciers this department would rather not guess. But to barnacled, middle-aged devotees of sentimental dance music, the words "California orchestra" will always recall the lovely combinations, laden with mutes and fiddles, who in the Twenties came out of the West, bringing the brash and noisy East a breath of the languishing air around San Francisco and Los Angeles. Among the vintage California musicians was the late Art Hickman, sovereign romanticist of American dance players, who wrote "Rose Room" and wafted General John J. Pershing around the old Ziegfeld Roof with such "Oriental foxtrots" as "Along the Road to Damascus"; Paul Whiteman, who began his Eastern musical life at Atlantic City with a Hickman-style band, rather more spruce as to orchestration; Abe Lyman, presented with a gold-plated drum by Hickman on departing for New York — before Lyman succumbed entirely to Broadway he had one of the most seductively Pacific ensembles on record—, and its pianist, Gus Arnheim, who later appeared with his own outfit, including Bing Crosby.

The prime characteristic of all these bands at their best was a free-and-easy, sentimental style, void of pretentious orchestration. They played starlit, lingering music with the relaxation of a good New Orleans hot jazz band. There is little music like it today, but one California orchestra at least recalls the old days and is a pleasure and a relief after the stereotypes of the past decade. Georgie Stoll, a man of consequence around the studios, leads the MGM orchestra in an album of time-tested "Hollywood Melodies" (MGM 11, $3.94) including "Pagan Love Song," "Blue Moon," "Temptation," "You Were Meant for Me," "Louise," "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Over the Rainbow," and "September in the Rain." His arrangements are on the lush side, as are most in these days when few orchestrators can resist utilizing everything they have learned from Richard Strauss and Joseph Schillinger. But the music is quiet, in easy dancing tempos. Instead of tiresomely slick section work by the saxophones, the nostalgic solo voice of the instrument is featured; instead of frantic brass, the mutes are installed in the old California manner; and there are numerous strings. Extra special attraction; no vocals whatever. All in all, if Georgie Stoll lacks the spontaneity of Art Hickman, he has other attractions in the best Pacific tradition —a fitting sentimental nicety.

We may seem to have aspersed vocals above, but are merely wary of them. There is of course an irresistible vocal tradition and this department, an unequivocal admirer of such monuments as Crosby and Sinatra, also strings along with a huge section of the populace in the matter of Perry Como — the sensation is highly democratic. An album called "A Sentimental Date with Perry" (Victor P187, $3.57) amply justifies that title, including such classics as "When Day Is Done," "Body and Soul," and "What'll I Do?" As a certain metropolitan music critic might put it, Mr. Como's discourse tarries on very high levels of schmalz indeed. It is no news to millions that Como often sounds amazingly like Crosby, but it seems equally clear that, at bottom, Como is his own man and a master of his art. That mastery, to anyone who makes it his business to listen to stacks of popular records, comes to seem exceedingly rare. The effective projection of popular songs is a subtle process of glazing over whatever is dross in the words or music, and panning as much lyric gold as possible. I can think offhand of few better examples than Perry Como's deft, light-spirited rendition of "Body and Soul," whose lyrics are pretty hammy business; his blitheness makes it perfectly possible to ignore the words.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

"Perry Como's discourse tarries on very high levels of schmalz indeed."

I was disappointed in Eddy Howard's new album (Columbia 0158, $3.75) made before "To Each His Own" brought him celebrity. In recent discs, such as "Love Tales," previously mentioned in this column, he has shown real vocal sweep, a sort of popular musical bravura, but his earlier work has a good deal less rhythmic momentum and the phrasing is often theatrical. The hot-jazz clientele, however, should know that on three sides, "Star Dust," "Exactly Like You," and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," there are fine, subdued accompaniments by clarinetist Edmond Hall, trumpeter Bill Coleman, trombonist Benny Morton, pianist Teddy Wilson, and friends. This page is no partisan of the song "But Beautiful," which seems to be taking the nation by juke box, but, having dutifully listened to versions by Denny Dennis, Art Lund, Mel Tormé, and Eddy Howard, we report a decided preference for Frank Sinatra, on the reverse of the fetching "If I Only Had a Match," reviewed last month (Columbia 38053, 75¢).

The blues we have always with us. There are so staggeringly many now on wax — from the real folk material to Carnegie Hall perversions — and we have heard so many of them that an acute case of fastidiousness has set in. Only the highly exceptional produce a marked response. A new album "Deep Woods Blues" (Circle S-4, $3.94) contains thoroughgoing folk blues by three rugged practitioners, Bertha "Chippie" Hill, Hociel Thomas, and Montana Taylor. Their efforts are extremely warm and pervaded with that rich plaintiveness which runs through veritable folk blues as tintinnabulation runs through the music of Bali. But I would say that the only highly exceptional musical element included is the kazoo and washboard playing of Almon Leonard, supporting "Chippie" Hill in "Black Market Blues."

This month's selection for the Worst-Record-in-History Derby is "I'll Never Say I Love You," by Horace Heidt and His Musical Knights (Columbia 38061, 75¢). In this incredible joust against the canons of musical taste, the Heidt orchestra accompanies an enormous, electrically amplified, swooning murmur by an artist billed as "The Masked Spooner." When he reaches his climax—an overwhelming, gasping "Darling!" — it becomes perfectly clear that new musical dimensions have been opened. On the reverse is the juke-box sensation, "Now Is the Hour," reputed to be the New Zealand "Aloha." In this heart, Queen Liliuokalani still reigns.

WILDER HOBSON.

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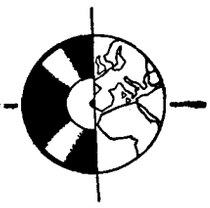
THE OTHER SIDE



LONDON.

IN THIS country instrumentalists are almost invariably prejudiced against singers. Their precise training seems to make them intolerant of the freer though by no means lesser art of the vocal line. The pity of it is that their prejudice against singing must necessarily deprive them of intimate acquaintance with a large part of our great musical heritage. True, there are many indifferent musicians amongst singers, but to put all singers together into one inferior class is as stupid as it is vain.

Recently the gramophone enterprises have been producing such fine vocal records that I believe they will help to break down some of this prejudice; that is, if our intolerant friends can be persuaded to listen and not to dismiss them with the usual "Oh, I don't like singers" even though they may be dismissing Bach, Mozart, and Verdi in the same breath.

For example, "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise"—and "Je Dis que Rien ne M'Epouyante" from "Carmen" — sung by Eleanor Steber with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind (HMV DB 6514). For many of us this is our first experience of hearing this artist. I found real excitement in listening to her outpouring of thrilling sound, which is molded by such skilful use of graduation in volume as to give a rare sense of line to the music. I have never heard the "Depuis le Jour" so beautifully sung, but both sides are excellent.

A fine ten-inch disc has been made by an Austrian artist new to Columbia—Ljuba Welitsch singing with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Krips, "Ritorna Vincitor" and "I Sacre Nome Padre"—(LB 65). Although her voice does not move me emotionally as does Eleanor Steber's, I have nothing but admiration for her singing of these two fine arias from "Aïda." Singer, conductor, and orchestra all give one a sense of complete mastery of their medium and sureness of intent.

"Et Incarnatus Est" from the Mozart "Mass in C Minor" (HMV DB 6536) offers us something very different in musical measure, but it is in no less safe hands. Erna Berger is a beautiful Mozart singer with a clear, fresh voice. The three obbligato parts for flute, oboe, and bassoon make an unusual and charming effect. Again in contrast are the two delightful records of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Irmgard Seefried from "Hansel and Gretel"—the "Dance Duet, Act 1," and "The Sandman's Song and Evening Prayer" on Columbia LX 1036-7. It is a real pleasure to hear these parts sung by these two distinguished members of the Vienna State Opera. Both are in their twenties, which enables them to add a youthful zest and charm that are not often found together with such resourceful and experienced singing. The scene from Act 1 is best and it is a rare pleasure to hear the voices and orchestra so well balanced; too often in the opera house these children get lost, not only in the woods but also in Humperdinck's immortal score. The orchestra in all these records is the Philharmonia of London and the conductor is Josef Krips, of the Vienna State Opera. I have nothing but praise for their part in these recordings.

Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are in fine form playing the "Polka" and "Dance of the Comedians" from "The Bartered Bride." The rhythm is superb; the playing and recording distinctly good (HMV DB 6454). Another popular work made new by reason of the authority and artistry of its performance is Columbia's discs LX 1033-5, Auto. Couplings LX 8583-5. Herbert von Karajan conjures up new magic into Tschaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet." His reading departs little from accepted paths, except that perhaps the opening is a little more reticent and the romantic line unfolds more gradually.

For those who want a new recording of Grieg's "A Minor Piano Concerto" I can thoroughly recommend the Columbia records LX 1029-32, Auto. Couplings LX 8579-82, made by the Rumanian pianist Dinu Lipatti, conducted by Alceo Galliera. It is a little difficult for some of us to remember that every day someone is hearing this work for the first time.

The Griller Quartet playing the "String Quartet in C Major, Op. 33, No. 3" by Haydn (Decca K 1668-9) is a worthy successor to the Mozart, K.387, that came out recently. The ensemble of this group remains something to be wondered at. The Bach "Sonata in G" (HMV C 3671) for flute, violin, and piano played by the Trio Mayse is less satisfactory. The sonata is a gem but both the balance of flute and violin and the intonation of the flautist leave a good deal to be desired.

HERBERT MENGES.

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WATCH FOR
RECORDS OVER THE NATION

The Saturday Review's
Monthly Dealer Survey of Top-Selling Records in the Leading Stores of the Country

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"YOU GOT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY..."

(*Continued from page* 45)

Costly surveys are made to find out what it *does* like best. These are based on the assumption that people like what they listen to most often. As the audience can only listen to what it gets, it follows that people will prefer what is most familiar. Thus radio continually strives to give its listeners more of what it already has, and the word "familiar" becomes synonymous with desirable, beautiful, successful, and artistic, just as "different" has come to mean the same things in advertising.

Some companies have a rigid law that introductions to popular songs must concern the music and lyrics. But the writer is frequently ignorant of the lyrics, which are not always readily available, and the music all tends to sound alike. He soon runs out of things to say about the well-known numbers, and frequently his only clue to lesser works is the title. A statistician recently analyzed titles, and discovered the five words most commonly used by lyrists. Put end to end, they spell out the potentially most popular of all songs "I Love You, My Man." With such a title, the writer is sure to guess the true nature of a song.

But supposing he comes across "I've Never Forgotten"? Forgotten how lovely you were? Or how badly you treated me? Or suppose the writer takes a wild plunge at "I'm in Love with a Married Man" and fails to guess that the man in question is the alleged husband of the singer?

To play safe, continuity writers take refuge in their greatest help-meet—the title tautology. This is an introduction containing nothing but synonyms for words in the title. Such phrases as "luna fantasy" are used to describe "Blue Moon," or "sabbath romance" to describe "A Sunday Kind of Love." In moments of desperation I have succeeded in getting away with "traumatic reverie" for "It's Dreamtime" and "instrumental condiment" for "Clarinet Marmalade." But I did not get away with describing "Sigh by Night" as a "nocturnal groan."

There is a minimum of classical music in the transcription business, because full orchestras are expensive and the demand is small. But I did learn some sins of the higher-type radio continuity. In the radio industry at large, writers handling classical music are generally paid less than their luckier brothers in popular music. And in radio, as elsewhere, the less you are paid the less respect you command and the more fearful you are of losing your job. This breeds a commmendable conscientiousness. Classical music continuity is thus often well written and "sincere." It may even contain bona fide information to help the listener enjoy the music. For instance, what listener does not have his appreciation for the "Jupiter Symphony" enriched by the knowledge that at the age of twenty-six Mozart married a girl who turned out to be a poor housekeeper?

IT MIGHT be argued that unpretentious annotation of the music itself might be more helpful than biographical sketches. I will not presume an opinion. But to those who do hold such a view it should be pointed out that writers assigned to classical music are in fact *writers*, and not members of Local 802. Consequently they are thrown on the mercy of reference books. Familiar music is often written by unfamiliar composers, so the most useful reference book is one which covers a lot of ground. But such a work may list only one or two useful facts about a single composer, so the writer is tempted to enlarge on his reference material.

For instance, under Masec, in Baker's "Biographical Dictionary," the writer will be overjoyed to read that this Bohemian composer of a century ago was a harmonica virtuoso. But how often can this juicy item be mentioned? After the first couple of times, the writer might avoid a head-on collision with the problem by saying: "Masec was noted for a wide knowledge of musical instruments, in the choice of which his taste was catholic." If this inference is true, it might further be concluded that Masec was broadminded, and that therefore his music is broadminded—or, shall we say, carefree and informal?

It is a relief to the writer when he comes upon music with a clearly defined story or subject matter. He can write at rapturous length about "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" or "Les Papillons," where he might have nothing to say about "Toccata and Fugue" except that Bach had a large family. After a generation of this, it would not be surprising if listeners got the impression, from the predominance of commentary devoted to what Artur Schnabel calls "insect music," that such works are really

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more important than symphonic masterpieces of a less objective nature.

Following the principle that the most familiar is best, writers slavishly study a list of the most-heard popular songs published each week by *Variety*. Very successful pieces may stay on this list for weeks, placing an intolerable burden on the writer to think up new ways of introducing them. In view of this, it is not surprising that writers sometimes go to grotesque lengths to find new modes of expression. For instance, west of the Hudson River, radio subsists largely on so-called "Western" music. In writing for oat operas, regional speech is mandatory. But as there is little difference between one Western song and another, this language source is often found insufficient. So the writer combines it with anything else that's handy—including Elizabethan English. Hardly a day passes when some listener is not startled by an introduction like:

> I reckon we got time for one more real purty number before we bid you adieu. How about a vocal for the nonce? Well, harken close as Joe Cowboy breaks loose with "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

Occasionally the writer finds a way of getting his own back at his tormentors. Many of these ambiguities pass unnoticed by all but the most discerning, because the announcement is read in such bland tones that the writer's sharper thoughts are dulled. The listener must therefore pay close attention to derive full meaning from an announcement like:

> Here is an enchanting Hawaiian number that will make you wish you were far away on a lonely Pacific Island.

Or:

> It is no surprise that Dan Kelly has the reputation he has among musicians when we hear what he does to this beautiful Irving Berlin song.

Despite the vacuum in which continuity writers perforce enshroud themselves, some do succeed in breaking away from the trade to become drama, news, gag, or advertising writers. When this happens, the lucky man's colleagues scramble for the phone to call Walter Lowen, Maud Lennox, and the other employment agencies where they are always hopefully registered. If one can do it so can another, they reason, as each writer leans back in his swivel chair to dream of the time when he, too, will be told "you got to hit 'em in the face," instead of "you got to get out of the way for the music".

Eugene Saerchinger is now engaged in shortwave newscasting. He is a son of the well-known correspondent and critic Ceasar Saerchinger.

Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Charioteers, The: "Sweet and Low." Columbia album C-156, $3.91	The Columbia version by the Ink Spots is in slightly better taste than that by the fantastic American four which has used the same arrangement for years. These eight evergreens are strictly for Charioteer Fan Clubs—of which, who knows, there might be some.
Crosby, Bing: "Golden Earrings" and "Ballerina." Decca 24278, 79¢	Something special in value, both for Crosby fans and mere popular music fanciers, since it combines two of the prime favorites of the moment. John Scott Trotter and orchestra help out on both sides, with the Rhythmaires joining in for "Ballerina."
Day, Doris: "That's the Way He Does It," "Why Should We Both Be Lonely?" Columbia 38037, 75¢	There's honey in the Day voice, and it should soon be better known than it is, for she uses it well, phrasing cleanly and with feeling. Both sides are highly recommended.
Fields, Gracie: "Come Back to Sorrento" and "Now is the Hour." London 110, 79¢	The English music-hall diva is in form but off her beat in these. Why "Tornio a Sorrento" should be rendered in this style is a mystery— and there seems little reason to render "The Hour" thing at all. For further comment see page 58.
Godfrey, Arthur: "The Thousand Islands Song." Columbia 38081, 75¢	Few can surpass Godfrey in being deft with a sheer, deliberate fatuity like this, and if such a mood is within your range, you'll like his concern with a search for Florence on the St. Lawrence. Another version below by Johnny Mercer.
Martin, Freddy: "You're Too Dangerous, Cherie." Victor 20-2666, 63¢	A pleasant Frenchy tune from the repertory of the visiting *chanteuse*, Edith Piaf. Martin offers it in a slow fox-trot version—with amiable results.
Mercer, Johnny: "Hooray for Love," "The Thousand Islands Song." Capitol 15028, 79¢	Two songs that are mete (also drink) for the Mercer mastery of the light touch. An odd note on the two songs: "Hooray for Love," is hep enough, word-wise, for a smart Broadway show—it's from a movie. The second, sounding like a movie routine, is from the Broadway show "Angel in the Wings."
Rhodes, Betty: "Just Around the Corner." Victor 20-2559, 63¢	Well-paced, neatly sung rendition of a tune that Ted Lewis used for so many years. Rhodes preserves the optimistic tone of the lyric, and adds a little vocal grace of her own to its attractions.
Shelton, Anne: "My Silent Love." London 118, 79¢	Another old tune, and a decidedly superior one. Good to see it being circulated again for the bobby-sox generation to admire. Shelton is a singer with a real voice, which she uses with lots of feeling. There is, additionally, a fine background by a Camarata-led orchestra, and the recording is exceptional even for this fine series of pops.
Thornhill, Claude: "I Remember Mama." Columbia 38075, 75¢	A cloying piece of Oedipus complexity attributed to H. and C. Tobias, with or without benefit of association with the play of the same name. The tune is a slow remastication of a much chewed item of the dinner-music repertory which, a Muzak master tells us, is Gabriel-Marie's "La Cinquantine."
Three Suns: "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover." Victor 20-2668, 63¢	A revival from the Twenties, recently inescapable from Broadway music vendors' loudspeakers, and echoing points west from the radio. Here it is given a full electric message by barroom organ.
Thompson, Kay: "Jubilee," "Back Home in Indiana." Columbia 38101, 75¢	The first reduction to immortality of the night-club act which has been widely publicized of late. That's on the side called "Jubilee," in which Miss Thompson is joined by the Williams Brothers in a high-pressure performance which is long on showmanship. Probably better still if seen, but not without curiosity value as is. On "Indiana," Miss Thompson does a solo in the manner that used to be described, years back, as "girl baritone." It's still a good phrase.
Young, Victor: "Sabre Dance." Decca 24338, 79¢	One in a batch of various-styled versions which threaten to make Khatchaturian's item out of the "Gayne" ballet the newest successor to "Near You." Young's is fairly concerty, and you may want to wait for the Woody Herman dance version or the Oscar Levant piano solo before deciding which is the least resistible. Also, Victor has one on tap shortly from Artur Rodzinski and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

"Siegfried" Suggestion

SIR: The current Victor catalogue lists a large number of albums and single records which at the moment are not available in the record shops. I have been given to understand by our local shop that Victor intends to have all of these on the market at some time in 1948. Assuming this to be true, may I ask you to consider the following:

Among the proposed restoration is DM-83, a ten-record album of excerpts from "Siegfried," the artists involved including Leider; Olczewska, Melchior, and Schipper, Coates, Bloch, Alwin, and Hegger, conductors. Two other "Siegfried" sets were issued by Victor in the past, and have also been cut from the catalogue. My question: If a restoration of "Siegfried" is contemplated, why not a restoration of a set made up from the best records in all three albums, on the order of the special set issued at one time in England by HMV? Such a set would include all of the records in the two albums I have just described, which Victor apparently does not intend to repress (though the "Wanderer Scene" from act 1 is particularly treasurable both as music and as a souvenir of a great artist—Friederich Schorr—in his prime; while the Easton-Melchior duet from act 3 is certainly infinitely superior to the much cut Leider-Laubenthal version in DM-83, and would omit duplications from DM-83). It is probable that Victor feels that it should restore some "Siegfried" to its active list, and proposes to restore one album—that the largest—of the three it formerly catalogued, taking no thought of their relative merits or of the possibilities of combining the three. But record companies should occasionally take thought, before their faculty for doing so is totally atrophied.

EDWARD CUSHING.

New Canaan, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What condition the masters are in would probably be involved in a judgment of this kind. Otherwise, the idea is an attractive one.*

Pro Sartre

SIR: I'm just a small-time "platter chatter" columnist for *New Castle News* and I've just read Jean-Paul Sartre's article on discovering jazz in your No. 4 issue of *SRL* Nov. 29 and think it was the most amusing column in the *Review*. . . . The French gent is certainly a sharp "pierre" when it comes to explaining things.

PATT L. SERVELLO.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Pro Bono Publico

SIR: In reference to the matter of dating records. If recording companies object because of psychological effect on prospective purchasers, why not date with Roman numerals? The average person would never bother to figure it out (after all, who knows off hand what MCMXLVIII means?) and collectors could still have a valid reference date on each record!

JAMES JAMES.

Rose Hill, N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Excellent suggestion!*

Walton, "Henry V"

SIR: I have gone through all the issues of RECORDINGS, and am unable to find a review of the Walton "Henry V" album Victor. Was it reviewed? In what issue? If not, would you be good enough to let me know what you think of the set? Thank you very much.

ALBERT H. TANNEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was coverage of this work, at some length, in the October issue. Bernard Herrmann, the author; "From Sound Track to Disc," the title.*

Help Wanted

SIR: I am writing to you in the hopes that you can help me.

My fiance returned from overseas completely blinded and his only relaxation and joy in life seem to be his recordings. He is particularly anxious to obtain the *old* David Rose recordings. (Not the MGM or Victor albums and records but the really old ones.) And he has been trying to obtain the Victor album "Night Music" by the Moodmasters. The number is P-31. He wants three copies.

Several times a week my fiance has other veterans brought to his house and the other boys, all that are able to read and write that is, have been moving heaven and earth to get these recordings for their club.

Could you perhaps publish this letter in the hopes that somewhere, someplace, someone can help me, help these boys? I would only be too glad to pay what is necessary.

I know some David Rose numbers have been done on sixteen-inch disc or transcriptions. Where can I obtain those? If you can help me, I (and the boys) will appreciate it *more* than we can say.

CATHERINE P. MARTIN.

Rockaway Park, L. I., N. Y.

Gruenberg Concerto

SIR: I wonder if you could give me some information concerning Gruenberg's "Violin Concerto, Opus 47"? Is this considered an important piece of contemporary music? Is the recording by Jascha Heifetz with Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra a satisfactory one? Thank you for any assistance you may be able to give me on this matter.

STEPHEN J. MADDEN.

Freeport, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Representative, rather than important, would be a proper word for the Gruenberg concerto. It was written for Heifetz, utilizes that violinist's talents to the utmost, and has a good deal of potential popular appeal. The recording is first class.*

Foreign vs. Domestic Discs

SIR: In the pages of *The Saturday Review of Recordings* (January 31), I read with great pleasure, much fascination, and slight horror, a dissertation on a new disease called Discomania. The author of this encyclopedic erudition was none other than my old friend, also an eminent music critic, conductor, and now agent provocateur, Robert Lawrence.

In placing categorically my reactions to this epistle, I refer consecutively to the first portions dealing with the Principessa N—; the second observations of a Freudian type dealing with the De Reszke coterie; and lastly the climax concerning the lunatic fringe propagandizing foreign records. With all due innate modesty, I question Mr. Lawrence and his knowledge here, and why not?

. . . That I possess immense prejudices regarding the superiority in general of foreign recordings and their phonographic talents, I most readily admit. And for very good reason do I have this phobia, which until now I believed to be a malady shared by Mr. Lawrence. . . .

What are these foreign records that I and others (there are some) like me urge upon the helpless American public? Records insignificant in quality by artists whose calibre I now find one maestro questioning. From Sweden it must be Joel Berglund, Jussi Bjoerling, Set Svanholm, Torsten Ralf, etc. From Denmark we have only Aksel Schoitz, the Danish Quartet, Finn Videro, Mogens Woldike, and Johann Hye-Knudsen. Poor France, how she has fallen in stature with only Charles Munch, Charles Panzera, Paul Cabanel, Etcheverry, Georges Nore, Georges Jouatte, Geori-Boue, and insignificant talents of Nadia Boulanger, Ars Rediviva, Fernand Oubradous, Jacques Thibaud, and Jean Francaix. In England the knowing collector would do best to leave for the stupid and uninformed the efforts of Sir Thomas Beecham, Louis Kentner, Solomon, Pablo Casals, Eva Turner, Isobel Baillie, Clifford Curzon, Eileen Joyce, Webster Booth, Gwen Catley, Lili Kraus, Symon Goldberg, the Philharmonia Quartet, Reginald Kell, Leon Goossens, Aubrey and Denis Brain, and Benjamin Britten. As for Italy, her art is in worse state than her national economy since there are only Victor Da Sabata, Tullio Serafin, Ebe Stignani, Beniamino Gigli, Arturo Beneditti Michelangeli, Gino Bechi, Tito Gobbi, Italo Tajo, Tancredi Pasero, and a decaying operatic setup in Milan and Rome that hardly causes Edward Johnson to lose any sleep. . . . As for Germany—let us speak very softly. There's only Furtwaengler, Karajan, Bohm, Tiana Lemnitz, Helge Roswaenge, Marta Fuchs, . . . and a few Austrian émigrés like Irmgard Seefried, Elisabeth Schwartzkopf to help out Wilhelm Backhaus and Walter Gieseking.

REMY FARKAS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Farkas is the conductor of a program on New York's radio station WQXR, devoted to "Record Rarities," mostly foreign.*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA (*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Lili Marlene (SE)	Chevalier (V)	Adieu des Bergers (V)	Mahler Symphony No. 5 (C)
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music Co.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Dancing in the Dark (D)	Light Cavalry (V)	Masquerade (V)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I & II (C)	Malaguena (All)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
BOSTON (*Mosher Music Co.*)	Now Is the Hour (R)	Wild Irish Rose (V)	Sabre Dance (C)	Eroica (V)
CHICAGO *Hudson-Ross Inc.*	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Indian Love Call (V)	Student Prince (C)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Ebony Rhapsody (C)	Date with Como (V)	Whiffenpoof Song (V)	Romeo and Juliet (V) (Tchaikovsky)
COLUMBUS (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Miller Album II (V)	Warsaw Concerto (C)	Music of Lecuona (V)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Drifting and Dreaming (D)	Mort du Thais (V)	Graduation Ball (V)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Golden Earrings (Cap)	Three Suns (V)	"L'Enfant Prodigue" Air de Lisa (V)	Graduation Ball (V)
DETROIT (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Grinnell Brothers*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Miller Album II (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Nutcracker Suite (V)
HOUSTON (*The Record Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Miller Album II (V)	Traviata-Libiamo (V)	Lecuona Album (V)
KANSAS CITY, MO. (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Beg Your Parson (B)	Wild Irish Rose (V)	Polonaise (V)	Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto (Horowitz) (V)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Mañana (Cap)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Lied eines Schiffers (HMV)	Maggie Teyte French Airs (V) Gayne Ballet (C)
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Whiffenpoof Song (D)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Warsaw Concerto (D)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
MEMPHIS (*Gage-Yarborough Co.*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	L'Altra Notte den Fondo (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
(*Words and Music*)	Ballerina (V)	For You Alone (C)	Jalousie (V)	Graduation Ball (V)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Good News (MGM)	Sabre Dance (C)	Chopin-Liszt album (V)
NASHVILLE (*M U Sound*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (Rachmaninoff version) (V)
NEW ORLEANS (*Van Nusen Music Co.*)	Song of New Orleans (V)	Dorothy Shay II (C)	Jalousie (V)	Romeo and Juliet (Berlioz) (V)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Now Is the Hour (D)	Allegro (V)	Sabre Dance (C)	Interplay (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Allegro (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne (C)
(*Haynes-Griffin*)	Mañana (Cap)	Songs of '28, etc. (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Ballerina (V)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Heart of La Bohême (V)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Mañana (Cap)	Allegro (V)	Clair de Lune (V)	Gayne (C)
(*Rabson's Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Allegro (V)	Ave Maria (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)
OMAHA (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Ballerina (V)	Carle Comes Calling (C)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	Mañana (Cap)	Migueletta Valdes (Mus)	Gioconda Duet (C)	Mozart: Quintet in D (C)
(*Record Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Dorothy Shay I (C)	Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5 (C)	Teyte: French Airs (V)
PITTSBURGH (*National Record Mart*)	Shine (Merc)	Good News (MGM)	Jalousie (V)	Lecuona album (V)
PORTLAND, ME. (*Cressey & Allen*)	Four Leaf Clover (MGM)	Drifting and Dreaming (D)	Warsaw Concerto (V)	Gaite Parisienne (V)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*The Record Shop*)	Ballerina (V)	Carle Comes Calling (C)	Mort du Thais (C)	Eroica Symphony (V)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Drifting and Dreaming (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Polovetsian Dances (EDA)
WASHINGTON, D. C. (*Brentano's*)	Now Is the Hour (L)	Good News (MGM)	Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (V)	Gayne Ballet (C)

Key: B—Bullet C—Columbia Cap.—Capitol D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London Merc—Mercury MGM Mus-Musicraft SE—Swiss V—Victor

Leaders: "Ballerina" remains at the top of the pop survey, though it has dwindled from 17 shops last month to 9 (all partial to Victor). "Four Leaf Clover" and "Now Is the Hour" are both in ascendance, with 7 and 5 respectively. Dorothy Shay's "Park Avenue Hillbillie" holds its own in the album race, with no close competitor. Columbia's solo record of the "Sabre Dance" from "Gayne" is a challenger for single-record popularity, but its 5 shops are outreported by the 6 who note "Warsaw Concerto" as their best seller. The album of "Gayne" music is still supreme in its field.

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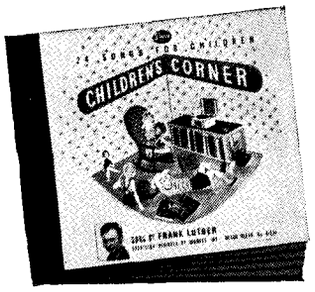
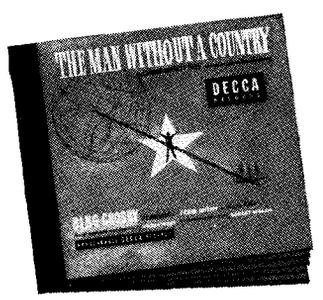
PETER AND THE WOLF. Alexander Smallens conducts the Decca Symphony Orchestra in the symphonic story for children by Serge Prokofieff, narrated by Frank Luther. 6 sides. 12 inch. No. DA-130 $3.85



CHILDREN'S CORNER. 24 songs for children. Sung by Frank Luther. 8 sides. 10 inch No. A-414 $3.75



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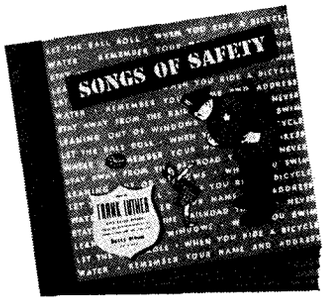

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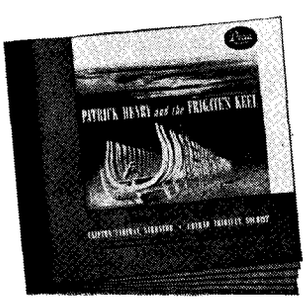

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